The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 194. Vol. XXXIII. NOVEMBER. 1907. Price Sixpence.
Subscription rate 6s. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 69

THE "BOOKMAN" GALLERY—
The Baroness von Hutten 74

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 75

THE READER—
"The Fleshly School of Fiction." By Marie Corelli, Beatrice Harraden, Theodore Watts-Dunton, Robert S. Hichens, the Very Rev. Hermann Adler, D.D., Rev. Sabine Baring Gould, Rev. R. F. Horton, M.A., D.D. 77
"The Bookman" Prize Competitions 80
Some English Humorists. By R. C. Lehmann 81
A German Biography of Lord Chatham. By Thomas Seccombe 85

NEW BOOKS—
Professor Saintsbury's New "Hallam." By William Barry 87
Dean Hole. By Arthur Waugh 88
The Popular Ballad. By Frank Sidgwick 89
The Undergraduate. By L. G. Brock 90
A Tale of Egypt. By James Moffatt 91
A Fourteenth Century Romance. By David Hodge 91
A History of French Literature. By George Saintsbury 92
A Model of Velazquez. By Thomas Lloyd 94
Alexandre Dumas the Elder. By F. G. Bettany 95
The Man Pays. By A. St. J. A. 97
English Charm 97
The Wisdom of the Wise. By T. A. Lacey 98

NOVEL NOTES—
The Fashionable Christians—These Three—The Power of the Keys—The Mystery of Lady Isobel—The Fraud—The Chateau by the Lake—The Gold in the Gutter—The Scoundrel 98-99

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS 100

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 100

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.
No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

News Notes.

The Bookman for next month will be a special Christmas number, illustrated throughout in the most lavish manner. It will contain a number of special pictorial supplements dealing with the illustrated books of the year, and with each copy will be presented a portfolio containing three reproductions in colour of Edmund Dulac's remarkable pictures illustrating the "Arabian Nights." This portfolio will be uniform with that presented last year of Mr. Rackham's "Peter Pan" pictures. The December Bookman will also contain an important illustrated article on Queen Victoria's Letters, by Dr. Sidney Lee, author of "The Life of Queen Victoria."

Mr. Rider Haggard's new novel, "The Yellow God," will be published serially in a syndicate of country newspapers, and afterwards in book form by Messrs. Cassell and Co.

Mr. R. S. Hichens will shortly return to Sicily; but before settling down there, he will visit Egypt.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling were expected to leave Canada on their way home on the 28th of last month.

Sir Arthur and Lady Conan Doyle are at present in Constantinople.

We are glad to hear that the last accounts of Mr. W. L. Alden's health were somewhat better.

Mrs. Everard Cotes has returned to India, and has again taken up her residence in Simla. Mrs. Cotes's new novel, which is entitled "Cinderella in Canada," will run serially in the *Queen* during the first three months of the New Year.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is going to America at an early date to superintend the production of one or two new plays.

Mr. Max Pemberton has given up his town house and has gone to live at Troston, in Suffolk.

Sir Gilbert Parker, the publication of whose new novel "The Weavers" is one of the literary events of the month, has completed a series of short stories dealing with the Far North and the Rocky Mountains, which will commence in the December number of the *Windsor Magazine*. In conjunction with Mr. Presbery, the adapter of "Raffles," he has just finished the dramatisation of "The Right of Way."

The idea of "The Weavers" was first conceived ten years ago, and the book begun four years ago and finished in March of last year. Two portions of it were written in Egypt itself, the rest of the book was written at Biarritz, at Folkestone, at Westcott in Surrey, at Wimbledon, and at 20, Carlton House Terrace, Sir Gilbert Parker's town house. Many of the incidents in the book have an exact counterpart in the actual history of Egypt, and Sir Gilbert Parker's close intimacy with those who have known Egypt from the inside for the last forty years has enabled him to write not only sympathetically, but accurately. A review of "The Weavers" appears on another page of this issue.

Mr. J. C. Snaith, whose novel, "William Jordan,

Junior," the story of a great poet who lived and died in London in poverty and obscurity, is sure to arouse a good deal of interest, is at work upon the memoirs of a Spanish soldier of fortune, whose travels and adventures in France and Spain in the sixteenth century should make excellent reading.

Miss Elizabeth Robins is leaving shortly for her home in Florida, where she hopes to finish a new play she has on hand. Her novel of female suffrage, "The Convert," is being eagerly discussed at present, and is in great demand at the libraries. Miss Robins has also just issued, through the Garden City Press, a pamphlet entitled "Woman's Secret."

Photo Window & Grove. **A New Photograph of Margaret Baillie-Saunders.**

Whose novel of Church and Society, "A Shepherd of Kensington," is among the best-selling books of the month.

Mr. William de Morgan, having wooed success with "Joseph Vance," and added to his renown witn "Alice-for-Short," will shortly publish a third novel, entitled, quaintly enough, "Somehow Good," in which he deals with the complications arising from the hero's complete loss of memory through an accident, and his ignorance of the fact that a woman whom he loves and marries is in reality his own wife. Mr. de Morgan has drawn the illustrations for Miss Mary de Morgan's book, "On a Pincushion, and Other Fairy Tales," that will also appear before Christmas.

Mr. Hall Caine has written a preface to the new edition of his early work, "Cobwebs of Criticism," which Messrs. Routledge and Co. are to publish in their Universal Library, in which he says:—"In my earlier days of authorship, and until I realised that it was a useless expenditure of energy already overtaxed, I kept record of the books and plays most vehemently condemned by criticism, and I found, in the majority of cases they were the books and plays most eagerly accepted by the public; while the books and plays most warmly recommended by criticism were often the books and plays in which the public took no interest. In my grotesque catalogue of critical blunders there were the articles of critics who through a long series of years had never in any single instance been at one with the people: critics who were always disvoiced by the people's voices, and were constantly at war with them."

Mr. Hall Caine makes reference also to the protest of "A Man of Letters" in last month's BOOKMAN. "'A Man of Letters,' generally understood to be a distinguished one," he writes, "has recently published a warning against the degradation of the English novel by the shameful and shameless iteration of one subject that corrupts the soul of books. Is it true that an author's sensual record in fiction explains the multitude of his editions? That a simple sum in arithmetic, applied to Zola's novels, would prove that he beat all other authors out of the market, just where he was most brutal and unashamed? That the same test applied to some recent English books will show that neither great art nor humanitarian motive count for anything in the making of their success? That the authority of the best literary traditions is being undermined; that the popular taste for moral anarchy, recognising no law in the passion of love, has become the sole measure of good or bad in writing? In a word, is it true that the people love to live on garbage, that some books of bad morality now being published are selling widely and poisoning the public mind, and that the decay of literature and the decline of England are indicated by such symptoms of death? I say no, no, no, to each and all of these propositions, deeply as I sympathise with the spirit which propounds them; but here I recognise (in the midst of a thousand trivialities leading to a thousand petty tyrannies) a subject worthy of criticism, which the professional critics had overlooked or ignored until 'A Man of Letters' had ventilated it. Nine times out of ten, when there is any good to be done for literature, it is literature that has to do it for itself. It always has been so, and it always will be so, as long as criticism is an anonymous and a separate profession."

Mr. Leonard Merrick is an author who is surely coming to his own. Few modern English novelists have received higher praise from the critics than he has, and in "The House of Lynch" he has written a novel which undoubtedly makes a strong bid for wide popularity.

Mr. J. M. Barrie counts Leonard Merrick among the half-dozen best novelists of the day. "A new book by Leonard Merrick," he writes, "is to me one of the events of the year," while Mr. W. D. Howells places his novels next after Jane Austen's in English fiction and Hawthorne's in American, and writes that he "can think of no recent fictionist of his own nation who can match with Mr. Merrick."

It was in New York that as a boy Leonard Merrick completed his first novel. He says: "I remember hawking the MS. round the publishing houses. I remember how tired I was, and how heavy the rejected parcel grew. In America they have summer weather in the summer. The sun scorched and the pavement glared, and the perspiration dropped off my arm on to the brown paper. I was thinking of how I felt with that parcel when I wrote the passage in 'The House of Lynch' about Keith hawking his picture for sale down the Haymarket. At last a firm did make an offer for the book, and the manager was very complimentary. My fatigue was all forgotten as he lolled in his chair, telling me he had only read a few chapters, but that was 'good enough for *him*.' And then he named his terms. I cannot recall them precisely—I have had so much bad news since—but they must have been remarkable, for I had the courage to refuse them, and at that time there were very few offers to which I should have been capable of saying 'No.'"

"Long afterwards this publisher was kind enough to assure an American whom I knew, that he was sorry I had declined his proposal. I have never shared his regret. One of the happiest days the literary profession has yielded me—not that that is saying much—was a day after I was back in England, and had submitted my novel to Messrs. Bentley. I sat in Mr. Bentley's room, while he fluttered a long—he told me an 'unusually long'—report from his reader. Much would I have given for the privilege of reading that report. It was actually arranged that the firm was going to publish my book! And when the interview concluded, Mr. Bentley went to the street-door and shook hands with me on the step, and I tottered up New Burlington Street saying, 'This is Fame!' It wasn't. The book fell flat with the public, though the reviewers said far more for it than I had ever dared to hope, in the rosiest of my dreams. That was a long time ago, but the gratitude that I felt for my unknown reviewers as a boy remains to this day. If one who grieved to see that MS. rejected again and again had but lived to read even the earliest review of it, my remembrance of my first book would be very sweet to me."

Like every other book he has written, "The House of Lynch" testifies to good intentions broken. Before Mr. Merrick begins a novel he draws up a plan of a working-day as it ought to be. The programme provides for regular exercise, and for the domestic virtues; he promises to converse on general topics at fixed hours, and to dismiss the MS. from his mind when the clock strikes seven in the evening. And then after breakfast he goes to his desk, and by-and-by accomplishes the first line. But when the time comes for an adjournment he finds himself not quite so genially conversational as he had intended to be, because he is reflecting that even yet only the first line is accomplished, and that if the programme is

Photo G. R. Lavis. **Leonard Merrick.**
Whose new novel, "The House of Lynch," is sure to be eagerly discussed.

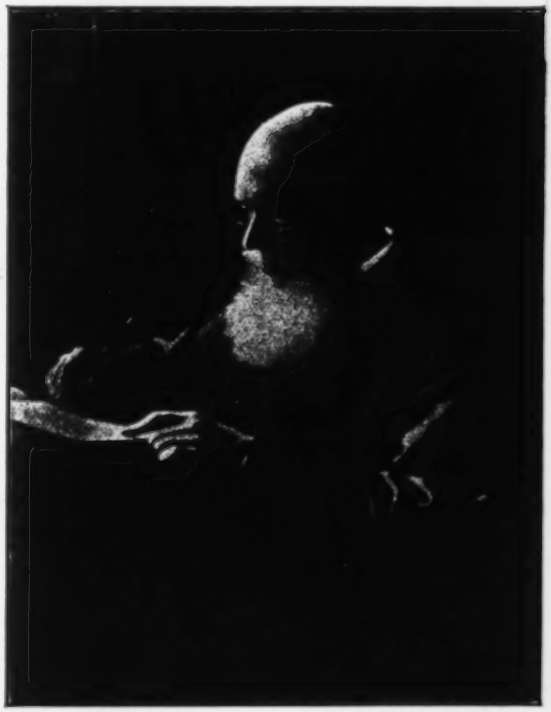


Photo Elliott & Fry. **Dr. Edward Caird.**
Whose "Lay Sermons and Addresses" is reviewed at page 98.

A "Clammer" near Withypool.

One of the wooden bridges over the Exmoor streams which are spoken of in Mr. Walter Raymond's delightful "Book of Simple Delights."

fulfilled the book will take twenty years to write. So the programme never is fulfilled. He thinks of it ruefully during the months that he is working into the small hours and scribbling notes in the dark on a memorandum block, which he keeps hanging from the bedpost.

A new issue of Rossetti's poems, both pocketable and presentable, is welcome. The two-volume edition is expensive. The six-shilling edition is unattractive; let alone that it is fronted by a portrait in unspeakable mid-Victorian trousers that effectually spoil one's mood for the contemplation of ineffable beauty. In the present volume, the famous sonnet that was dropped from the "House of Life," after Buchanan's diatribe, has been restored to pleasure a more liberal generation. Mr. William Michael Rossetti (most brotherly of brothers) supplies a prefatory note.

For the first time a collection of Luther's letters is to be given to an English public. Yet it is a century since Coleridge wrote of what a delightful volume they would make "if translated in the simple, idiomatic, hearty mother-tongue of the original." That is the ideal which the translator, Margaret Anderson Currie, has set herself. Addressed to the Electors and to the great intellectual men of the time, Melancthon, and Erasmus, and Dürer, the Reformer's letters form an interesting pendant and contrast to the better-known epistles of him of Rotterdam.

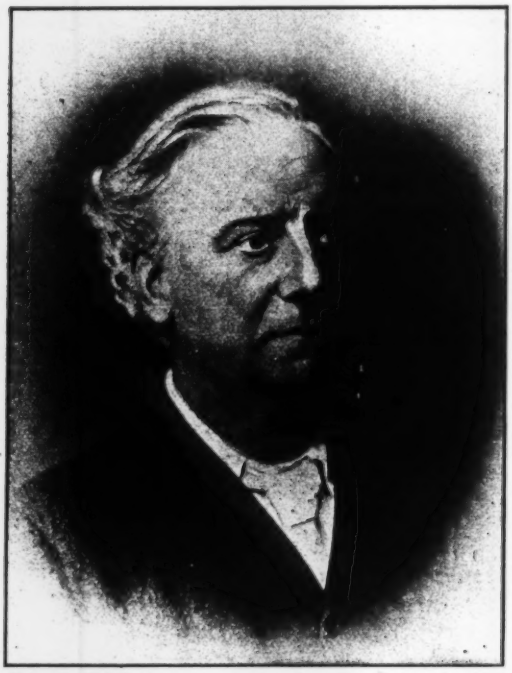


Photo Jno. Chaffin & Sons, Taunton.

Mr. Walter Raymond.

Who has recently published several books on country life which are deservedly popular.

A novelist who has not even yet attained all the popularity he deserves is Mr. Percy White, who more than a dozen years ago sprang into prominence with "Mr. Bailey-Martin," a book that may be read and re-read for its trenchant satire and its vivid portraiture. Sly, satirical humour is Mr. White's *forte*, and it is in this vein that he has composed his new novel, "Mr. Strudge," wherein he deals with the self-styled "intellectuals" who are bent on trying experiments in Socialism by co-operative effort. As in "Mr. Bailey-Martin," the gentleman who gives his name to the book will tell his own story.

The indefatigable Mr. G. K. Chesterton is engaged upon a monograph on Charles Kingsley for the English Men of Letters series, to which he a little while ago contributed the admirable study of Browning, which is, perhaps, the best piece of work that the versatile author has yet published. From what we know of Mr. Chesterton's points of view, it is fair to assume that he will treat of the novelist less as a writer of fiction than as a member of the body that promoted the Christian Social Movement.

Mr. Walter Raymond, whose delightful books on country life are making fresh friends every day, lived until three years ago in Somerset, near Yeovil, in a rich pastoral part of the country covered with pleasant villages, which figure so picturesquely in his works. Although Mr. Raymond found it necessary to come to London, he did not altogether cut himself off from the rural life, but took a little labourer's cottage at Withypool, a charming village on the Barle, that beautiful moorland river described in "The Book of Simple Delights."

The cottage, which is a very old and primitive one, and which had fallen into disrepair, was done up for Mr. Raymond. He tells how "the taking it, and the humours and enjoyments of finding myself an amateur cottager, suggested 'The Book of Simple Delights.' There are no grates, but large open hearths to burn wood and turf. I spend the spring and months of August and September at Withypool. The village is in the middle of the moorland district, in the heart of the country where the wild red deer has never ceased. I consider it very central—ten miles from everywhere. Many people who are quite willing to camp out consider a cottage 'impossible'—but it has a sound

thatched roof in all weathers, and an indoor fire for the cooking.

"It is in the main a county of small holdings, with homesteads dotted along the sides of wooded coombes, with sheep, cattle, and wild ponies running on large moorland commons, which provide turf for burning. The influence of the towns has hardly made itself felt in this remote region, and people live the rural life of 100 years ago undisturbed by modern ideas. They still incline to old customs and superstitions, and believe that if the bellows, a piece of furniture essential in every house, are laid down on the table, someone will shortly die in the house. I fish, and walk long distances in search of adventure—reward taking the form of some quaint conversation or little find in folk-lore. The people are willing to talk to a stranger—the Celtic temperament is evident in their speech, just as the Celtic vowel-sounds abound in the Saxon of their district."

And the result of this simple life in an Exmoor cottage may be found in those delightful nature books, "The Book of Simple Delights," "The Book of Crafts and Character," and also in "Gossip Corner," a most attractive and humorous volume, which Mr. Raymond has just issued.

We have been waiting long for a full-length novel from the pen of Mr. J. J. Bell, a book which should do full justice to his very remarkable talent. In "Thou Fool," which Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton have just issued, Mr. Bell comes, we believe, to his own. It is from title to closing scene a remarkable book, a story that grips, a story for the times.

A novelist whose works sell well has in a contemporary made the suggestion that the Society of Authors should "fix a fair wage on a sliding scale for every branch of literature." Such a proposal, however, could never be entertained by a body that prides itself, and justly prides itself, upon its common-sense. The value of a manuscript is in direct ratio to the probable number of copies that will be sold, and, naturally enough, the publisher takes a not unjustifiably pessimistic view of the chances of a first book—and it is only with first books that we need concern ourselves, for if it is a success an enhanced price fixes itself almost automatically, for every firm is anxious to retain the authors that bring grist to the mill. To fix prices for different classes of work would be remarkably difficult, and in some cases quite impossible. The average commercial value of a book of essays by an unknown writer, for example, is just nothing at all.

The present season will offer millionaires unusually advantageous opportunities to dispose of small sums of money. They will be able to purchase the Pentland Stevenson, complete in twenty volumes, for ten guineas; and then for the trifle of twenty-five pounds net they may purchase a copy of the Hon. Walter

Mr. Raymond at the door of his Exmoor Cottage.
Showing the horseshoe of "The Book of Simple Delights."

Rothschild's work on "Extinct Birds," which will be adorned with more than two-score coloured plates from paintings expressly executed. They may further choose between the ordinary fifteen pounds and the *de luxe* thirty pounds editions of "Don Quixote," with two hundred and sixty drawings by Mr. Daniel Vierge. We shall soon have the editions "for millionaires only" that is a project beloved of Mr. A. D. Sprout, publisher, of New York.

Shirley Brooks, of whom Mr. Spielmann has said that he was "perhaps the most brilliant and useful all-round man who ever wrote for *Punch*," has become little more than a name to the present generation, which only remembers of all his vast output but a few fragments of light verse. If, however, we take no interest in his work, it is asserted by those who have seen it, that his diaries are of great interest: these will be published during November, carefully edited, with an Introduction, by Mr. G. S. Layard, the biographer of "Charles Keen of *Punch*."

Our plate of Sir W. S. Gilbert is reproduced by kind permission of the proprietors of *Vanity Fair*.

Mr. Raymond before the open fire in his Exmoor Cottage.

Other illustrations of our leading article are reproduced by kind permission from Mr. J. A. Hammerton's "English Humorists of To-day."

The special attention of the readers of THE BOOKMAN is called to an inset which will be found in all copies of this issue, giving particulars of a remarkable prize scheme in connection with Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton's new fiction. Prizes will be awarded to readers who send in the best solutions of a number of problems in connection with these new novels. Further particulars may be obtained from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

The drama of this country is not to be allowed to go to the dogs! No sooner have Mr. William Archer and Mr. Granville Barker published their "Scheme and Estimate for a National Theatre," than comes the announcement of a volume containing a further instalment of the opinions on plays and players of Mr. A. B. Walkley, and of a book on "The English Stage of To-day," by Dr. Mario Borso. This last announcement will come as a cold-water douche to all intelligent theatre-goers: to see our stage as others see it may be an excellent discipline, but it can scarcely make agreeable reading for the patriotic Britisher.

It is certainly time that there should be an authoritative work on English literature as a whole, which shall be at once of use to students and at the same time be so detailed as to be invaluable for reference. Books such as Chambers' Cyclopædia, and that written in collaboration by Messrs. Garnett and Gosse, important as they are, do not fill the want: it is to be hoped that the forthcoming "Cambridge History of English Literature" will do so. This is intended, we are told, "to give a connected account of the successive movements, both main and subsidiary, in English literature: this implies an adequate treatment of secondary writers, instead of their being overshadowed by a few greater personalities; to trace the progress of the English language as the vehicle of English literature; to take note of the influence of foreign literature upon English and (though in a less degree) of that of English upon foreign literatures; and to provide each chapter with a sufficient bibliography." Edited by the Master of Peterhouse and Mr. A. R. Waller, it will consist of fourteen volumes, the first of which, to be published in November, will contain contributions by Mr. H. M. Chadwick, Professor Lewis Jones, Professor Ker, Professor J. W. H. Atkins, Dr. J. E. Sandys, and Dr. Bradley.

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

THE BARONESS VON HUTTEN.

BETINNA VON HUTTEN, whose new novel, "The Halo," has just been published, is one of those fortunate young writers who has not found the path to Parnassus of thorny and difficult ascent. She leapt easily into fame two or three years ago, with that brilliant and witty novel "Pam," but "Pam" was by no means her virgin literary effort. Her name was made in America with several shorter novels (among them "Our Lady of the Beeches") long before "Pam" captivated the novel-reading world over here. The first of these was "Miss Carmichael's Conscience," a bright, crisply written little story, reminiscent both in its condensed form and epigrammatic style of John Oliver Hobbes's earlier contributions to the famous Pseudonym series. Then came "Marred in the Making," the study of a fair American's development and flirtations in various Continental cities. It was published in 1902 by Messrs. Constable in England, and previously by Lippincotts in America, where the original manuscript perished in a fire, and had to be rewritten.

The Baroness delights to visit every year the land of her birth, on the other side of the Atlantic, where she passed her childhood. She was brought up, more like a boy than a girl, with an only brother, to whom she is devoted. Having no sisters, she shared his studies and joined in his sports, and rather scorned the society of her contemporary "buds." When still in her teens she came to travel in Europe with her parents, and studied music and singing in Rome and Florence.

It was in the "City of Flowers" that the gifted and vivacious girl formed a friendship with the late Hubert Crackanthorpe, who although he forbade her to read his own gloomy and neurotic works, inspired her with the desire to write. He discovered a distinctly original talent in her sketches, alike piquant and tender of Italian peasant life, many of which will be remembered by readers of the *Westminster Gazette*, in which paper they appeared. It was in Florence, too, that she met the fair-haired, athletic young Baron, a descendant of Ulrich von Hutten, who wooed her in French because he knew little English, and his future bride less German. In her husband's ancestral Bavarian home, the romantic old Castle of Steinbach, with its grey stone turrets and time-worn walls, Baroness von Hutten writes her novels. Here, when she has once started on a theme, she works hard every day for hours at a stretch in a white-heat of creative enthusiasm. No one may disturb her till her allotted task is finished, not even her small boy and girl, who speak three languages with equal ease, and adore Dickens. Unlike another popular author, Elizabeth, of German garden fame, the Baroness has never yet used the Teutonic surroundings of her home, and the characteristics of her adopted country as copy for her stories. She is, above all things, cosmopolitan, and has enjoyed rare oppor-

tunities of exercising her keen powers of observation in many unbeaten tracks and out-of-the-way corners of the world, as well as in the vortex of New York, and in most of the capitals of Europe. Her pictures of English country-house society in "Pam" are admirably and faithfully done, if less charming than her delicate sketches of Hungarian beech forests and Canadian backwoods in "Our Lady of the Beeches."

But it is London which is Baroness von Hutten's favourite *milieu*. She knows and loves her London well, and is capable of finding a charm even in its fogs. So conscientious is she in getting up what is called "local colour," that she has often donned shabby clothes and a cheap hat in order to explore, unnoticed, mean streets and Bloomsbury boarding-houses. Even in this disguise, the distinction of her bearing (she is "divinely tall") has sometimes nearly betrayed her, and roused the suspicions of landladies. The Baroness took the opening chapters of "Pam" herself to Mr. William Heinemann, and insisted on his reading them there and then in her presence. The publisher promised on the spot to produce the book when finished, and it proved one of the most successful and best-selling novels of its year.

The Baroness von Hutten.

Recent fiction contains no more delightful and fresh creation than Pam, the child of unmarried parents, with her nurse Pilgrim, her monkey Caliban, and her precocious philosophy. When at the end of more than 300 pages of closely-printed type Pam vanished from our ken, she was only seventeen, and everyone was curious to know "what became" of the youthful heroine. In answer to a clamorous demand for more "Pam," Baroness von Hutten tried her hand at that usually dubious experiment, a sequel, and with complete success. Far from being disappointing, "What became of Pam" proved a new joy, and Pam at twenty-seven, bravely battling against temporary adversity in a sordid boarding-house, was no less racy and humorous than the younger Pam, whose quaint adventures were so absorbing. With these two books Baroness von Hutten has won her position in the first rank of modern novelists. Publishers now bid high for any work from her pen.

"Our Lady of the Beeches," which came out originally in serial form in the *Atlantic Monthly*, ran through *The World* in 1906, and appeared this summer as the first of Mr. Heinemann's Kitcat novels, with a portrait frontispiece by William Nicholson. If in any of her books the personality of the author can be at all identified with that of her heroine, it is in this dainty story, with its prologue of sparkling letters. Besides her literary talent, Baroness von Hutten has other accomplishments. She is a brilliant conversationalist, and tells stories nearly as well as she writes them. Her fine voice has been well trained, and she sings and plays charmingly. It is not surprising, therefore, that she should be much sought after in society on both sides of the Atlantic, and that everyone is reading and talking about "The Halo."

BEATRICE MARSHALL.

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS—NOVEMBER 1 TO DECEMBER 1.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

BOYD, ALEXANDER.—From the Niger to the Nile. 2 vols. 36s. net.
KENNETT, CANON R. H.—In Our Tongues. 3s. 6d. net.
BOULGER, G. S.—Wood. A Manual of the Natural History and Industrial Applications of the Timbers of Commerce. 12s. 6d. net.
FRANCIS AND BRICKDALE, DRS.—The Chemical Basis of Modern Pharmacology. About 12s. 6d. net.

Messrs. A. and C. Black.

MUNRO, NEIL.—The Clyde. 67 full-page illustrations in colour by Mary Y. and J. Young Hunter. 20s. net.
BONHOTE, J. LEWIS.—British Birds. 100 full-page illustrations in colour. 20s. net.
GILBEY, SIR WALTER, BART.—George Morland. 50 full-page illustrations in colour. 20s. net.
SWINBURNE, R. LAWRENCE.—The Royal Navy. Introduction by Com. Ottley, and Dedication to Lord Charles Beresford. 50 full-page illustrations in colour by Norman Wilkinson, R.B.A. 20s. net.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.

STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.—Concluding 4 volumes of the "Pentland" Edition of R. L. Stevenson's Works (limited to 1,500 copies), including rare portraits of Stevenson and a number of photogravure plates. Edited by Edmund Gosse. £10 10s. net, the set of 20 vols.
GROOM, PERCY, M.A., D.Sc., F.L.S.—Trees and their Life Histories. With 109 full-page plates, and upwards of 150 other illustrations. 25s. net.
TOOLEY, SARAH A.—Royal Family by Pen and Camera. With 120 full-page reproductions of photographs by John Russell. 12s. net.
SOLON, M. L.—A History and Description of Italian Majolica. Limited Edition. With 24 coloured plates and numerous half-tone illustrations. 42s. net.
WYNDHAM, HORACE.—The Call of the Drum. 6s.
BRONTE.—Jane Eyre. (People's Library Edition.) Cloth, 8d. net.
DEFOE.—Robinson Crusoe. (People's Library Edition.) Cloth, 8d. net.
SCOTT.—Waverley. (People's Library Edition.) Cloth, 8d. net.
DICKENS.—Old Curiosity Shop. (People's Edition.) Cloth, 8d. net.
EMERSON.—Essays. (People's Library Edition.) Cloth, 8d. net.
MILTON.—Paradise Lost. (Pocket Edition.) Cloth, 2s. net.
CARLISLE, DEAN OF.—Social Life. (Christian Life Series.) 1s. 6d. net.
MILES, ALFRED H.—The National Reciter. The Sovereign Reciter. The Royal Reciter. The Imperial Reciter. 1s. each.
ENGLISH, DOUGLAS.—Wee Tim'rous Beasties. A collection of charmingly-written nature stories. With a hundred photographs, printed in sepia on art paper. 5s. net.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Ltd.

ROGERS, ALEXANDER (Translator).—The Shah Namah of Fardusi. 42s. net.
PYLE, HOWARD.—The Story of Sir Launcelot. 10s. 6d. net.
CAMPBELL, W. S.—The Passer-by in London. 6s.
BOWLES, FRED. G. (Editor).—New Songs. An Anthology of Contemporary Verse. 3s. 6d. net.
HARPER, C. G.—The Manchester and Glasgow Road. 2 vols. 32s.
TURNER, WILLIAM.—Transfer Treating. 25s. net.
CAMPBELL, THE REV. R. J.—Christianity and the Social Order. 6s.
COURTNEY, W. L. (Editor).—The Literary Man's Bible. 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus.

PENNY, F. E.—The Inevitable Law. A Novel. 6s.
SEELEY, MISS E. L.—Artists of the Italian Renaissance. With coloured and plain illustrations. 7s. 6d. net and 15s. net.
MARGOLIOUTH, DR. D. S.—Cairo, Jerusalem, and Damascus. With coloured illustrations. 20s. net and 42s. net.
INCHBOLD, A. C.—Lisbon and Cintra. With coloured illustrations. 10s. 6d. net.
COINCI, GAUTIER DE. Edited by A. Kemp Welch.—Of the Tumbler of Our Lady, and Other Miracles. Medieval Library. 5s. net and 7s. 6d. net.
MORE, SIR THOMAS. Edited by Robert Steele.—Utopia. King's Classics. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net.
CHAUCER. Edited by W. W. Skeat.—The Parliament of Birds and House of Fame. King's Classics. 1s. 6d. net and 2s. 6d. net.
CAMOENS, DANTE, etc.—Bibliotheca Romanica. Romance Texts in the Original. 40 vols. 8d. net each; cloth, 1s. net each.

The Clarendon Press.

WALKER, E.—The History of Music in England.
LUCAS, ST. JOHN.—The Oxford Book of French Verse. 6s. net; on Oxford India paper, 7s. 6d. net.

COLERIDGE.—Biographia Litteraria. 2 vols. Edited by John Shawcross.
MURRAY, GILBERT.—The Rise of the Greek Epic.
Heine's Buch der Lieder. Translated by J. Todhunter. (Oxford Library of Translations).
Coleridge's Literary Criticism. (Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry).
Collins's Poems. Edited by C. R. Stone. (Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry.)
Wotton, Sir Henry, Life and Letters of. 2 vols. By L. Pearsall Smith.
SARGENT, A. J.—Anglo-Chinese Commerce and Diplomacy (mainly in the nineteenth century).
COLVIN, S.—Drawings of Old Masters at Oxford. Part VI. 63s.
RUSKIN.—A Joy for Ever and The Two Paths. (Ruskin House Edition.) World's Classics. From 1s. net. BRONTE, ANNE.—Agnes Grey. (Completing the Brontë Novels.) World's Classics. From 1s. net. Coleridge's Poems. Introduction by A. T. Quiller Couch. World's Classics. From 1s. net. TROLLOPE, A.—The Three Clerks. Introduction by W. Teignmouth Shore. World's Classics. From 1s. net.
STEBBING, WILLIAM.—The Poets: Geoffrey Chaucer to Tennyson, 1340-1892. Impressions by W. S. 2 vols. 8s. net (the two).

Messrs. Constable and Co., Ltd.

WIGGIN, KATE DOUGLAS.—The Old Peabody Pew. 3s. 6d. net.
SPENDER, J. A.—The Comments of Bagshot. 3s. 6d. net.
CECIL, HON. MRS. EVELYN.—London Parks and Gardens. 21s. net.
HUNTINGDON, ELSWORTH.—The Pulse of Asia. 14s. net.
MARDEN, PHILIP SANFORD.—Greece and the Ægean Islands. 12s. 6d. net.
JEFFERY, REGINALD W. (Ed.).—Dyott's Diary. 31s. 6d. net.
MAITLAND, ELLA FULLER.—More Pages from the Day-Book of Bethia Hardacre. 6s.
HEARN, LAFCADIO.—Letters from the Raven. 5s. net.

De La More Press.

MEYNELL, ALICE.—The Mystics. Cloth 6d. net.
ALMACK, EDWARD, F.S.A.—History of the Royal Scots Greys. Limited to 400 copies. 350 on hand-made paper, £2 12s. 6d. net.
PATTESON, S. LOUISE.—Letters from Pusseycatville. 3s. 6d.
MOUNSEY, G.A.—Three Essays of Merejkowski, translated from the Russian by G. A. Mounsey: The Life-Work of Hendrik Ibsen. The Life-Work of Pliny the Younger. The Life-Work of Montaigne.
BUCKNER, E. D., M.D.—The Immortality of Animals and the Relation of Man as Guardian. 5s. net.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton

will publish during November:—

IBSEN, by Edmund Gosse; THOMAS ALVA EDISON: Sixty Years of an Inventor's Life, by F. A. Jones; IMMORTAL MEMORIES, by Clement Shorter; THE LIFE OF DR. BARNARDO, by Mrs. Barnardo and Rev. James Marchant; THE LIFE OF GEORGE MATHESON, by Rev. D. Macmillan, D.D.; THE VIRGIN BIRTH, by Rev. Prof. J. Orr, D.D.; JERUSALEM, by Rev. Prof. G. A Smith, D.D.; PAULINE CITIES, by Prof. Sir Wm. Ramsay.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

ROTHSCHILD, THE HON. WALTER.—Extinct Birds. £25 net.
O'CONNOR, V. C. SCOTT.—Mandalay and other Cities in Burma. 21s. net.
GRIFFITHS, MAJOR ARTHUR.—Clubs and Clubmen. 10s. 6d. net.
ARGYLL, HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF.—Passages from the Past. 24s. net.
STATHAMS, CAPTAIN, and the late GERALD BRENAN.—The House of Howard. 24s. net.
INGPEN, ROGER (Edited by).—The Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft. 3s. 6d. net.
WILLIAMS, H. NOEL.—A Princess of Intrigue. 24s. net.
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Amateur Motorist. 12s. 6d. net.
LENZ, DR. MAX.—Napoleon. Translated by Frederic Whyte. 16s. net.
KEANE, DR A. H.—The World's Peoples. 6s. net.

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack.

MASON, JAMES.—Fra Angelico. Masterpieces in Colour Series. 1s. 6d. net.
ISRAELS, JOSEF.—Rembrandt. Masterpieces in Colour Series. 1s. 6d. net.
HAY, GEORGE.—Bellini. Masterpieces in Colour Series. 1s. 6d. net.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

MALVERY, OLIVE CHRISTIAN.—The Speculator. 6s.
VACARESCO, HELENE.—The Queen's Friend. 6s.
INGLEBY, LEONARD CRESSWELL.—Oscar Wilde. 12s. 6d. net
ADAM, H. L.—The Story of Crime. 12s. 6d. net.
BUMPUS, T. FRANCIS.—London Churches, Ancient and Modern. Numerous photos by W. J. Roberts. 2 vols. 6s. each net.
HITCHCOCK, FREDERICK H.—The Building of a Book. 6s. net.

Mr. John Long.

The Record of an Aeronaut. Being the Life of John M. Bacon. By his Daughter, Gertrude Bacon. With photogravure portrait and 62 illustrations. Demy 8vo. 16s. net.
Society Recollections in Paris and Vienna, 1879—1904. By an English Officer. With 32 illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. net.
WALES, HUBERT.—Cynthia in the Wilderness. 6s.
TWEEDALE, VIOLET.—Mrs. Barrington's Atonement. 6s.
STANTON, CORALIE, and HEATH HOSKEN.—The Second Best. 6s.
TYTLER, SARAH.—A Briar Rose. 6s.
MEADE, L. T.—Little Josephine. 6s.
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—A Woman's Aye or Nay. 6s.
GOULD, NAT.—A Stroke of Luck. Nat Gould's Annual, 1907. Large Demy 8vo. 1s.
DICKBERRY, F.—The Storm of London. Sixpenny Edition.

JOHN LONG'S CARLTON CLASSICS.

New Volumes. Cloth, 6d. net; leather, 1s. net.

BUNYAN, JOHN, Grace Abounding; ARNOLD, MATTHEW, Essays; SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, Poems; ELIOT, GEORGE, Mr. Gilfil's Love Story; LEVER, CHARLES, Scenes from Lorrequer; JONSON, BEN, Poems; BACON, FRANCIS, Counsels, Civil and Moral; MILTON, JOHN, Minor Poems; BURKE, EDMUND, Selections; WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, Sonnets; FIELDING, HENRY.—A Voyage to Lisbon; FROUDE, JAMES ANTHONY, Essays.

Messrs. Methuen and Co.

BIRCH, W. DE GRAY.—A History of Seals. 25s. net.
JENNINGS, OSCAR, M.D.—Early Wood-cut Initials. 21s. net.
DAVENPORT, JAMES.—The Wastbourne Family. 21s. net.
BROWN, J. WOOD.—The Builders of Florence. 18s. net.
WARREN-VERNON, HON. WILLIAM.—Readings on the Purgatorio of Dante. 15s. net.
ABRAHAM, G. D.—The Complete Mountaineer. 15s. net.
BEERBOHM, MAX.—A Book of Caricatures. 15s. net.
BARING-GOULD, S.—The Life of Napoleon. 10s. 6d. net.
WOOD, SIR EVELYN.—From Midshipman to Field-Marshal. 7s. 6d. net.
BLACKMANTLE, BERNARD.—The English Spy. 7s. net.
HUTTON, EDWARD.—The Cities of Spain. 6s.
LE BRAZ, ANATOLE.—The Land of Pardons. 6s.
BINYON, MRS. LAURENCE.—Nineteenth Century Prose. 6s.
MORLEY, MARGARET W.—The Bee People. 3s. 6d.
MORLEY, MARGARET W.—Little Mitchell. The Story of a Squirrel. 3s. 6d.
THOMPSON, MISS A. P.—Instruction in Cookery. 2s. 6d.
DUMAS, ALEXANDRE.—The Fatal Combat. 6d.

Sir Isaac Pitman and Son.

EMANUEL, WALTER.—Never. Being Some Manners for the Multitude. 1s. net.
LAYARD, GEORGE SOMES.—A Great "Punch" Editor. Being the Life, Letters, and Diaries of Shirley Brooks. 18s. net.
KEMPSON, F. CLAUDE, M.B.—The Future Life and Modern Difficulties. 3s. 6d. net.
OESTERLEY, W. O. E., and G. H. BOX.—The Religion and Worship of the Synagogue. An Introduction to the Study of Judaism from the New Testament Period. 10s. 6d. net.
BENSON, ROBERT HUGH.—Lord of the World. 6s.
INGPEN, ROGER, Newly Edited by.—Boswell's Johnson. With 600 illustrations. 18s. net. and 21s. net.
BLAIN, HERBERT E., Edited by.—Secretary's Handbook. 5s. net.
SLATER, J. A., B.A., LL.B. (Lond.).—Household Law. 5s. net.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam and Sons.

CLERGUE, HELEN.—The Salon: A Study of French Society and Personalities of the Eighteenth Century. 12s. 6d. net.
SHAEFFER, MRS. CHARLES.—Alpine Flora of the Canadian Rocky Mountains. 12s. 6d. net.
DOCK, LAVINIA L. and M. ADELAIDE NUTTING.—History of Nursing. 2 vols. 25s. net.
LEE, JENNETTE.—The Ibsen Secret. 6s.
BLOK, PETRUS JOHANNES (Translated by Oscar A. Bierstadt).—A History of the Netherlands. Volume IV. 12s. 6d. net.
BIELSCHOWSKY, ALBERT (Translated by W. A. Cooper).—The Life of Goethe. Volume III. 15s. net.
PUTNAM, G. P.—Tabular Views of Universal History. 7s. 6d. net.
NILES, GRACE GREYLOCK.—The Hoosac Valley. 15s. net.
PUTNAM, RUTH.—Charles the Bold. 5s.

Messrs. Alston Rivers, Ltd.

WARDLE, JANE.—The Lord of Latimer Street. 6s.
JERROLD, WALTER.—Thomas Hood: His Life and Times. 16s. net.
Book of Living Poets. Edited by Walter Jerrold. 7s. 6d. net.
COLLYNS, C. P. (Edited by the Hon. L. J. Bathurst).—Chase of the Wild Red Deer. Coloured frontispiece. 5s. net.
A Guide to the Foxhounds and Staghounds of England. Being a new edition of the original book by "Gelert," published 1849. 3s. 6d.

Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.

DOYLE, SIR A. CONAN.—Through the Magic Door. With 16 pages of illustrations. A Series of Chats about Books. 5s.
TOMLINSON, REV. E. M.—A History of the Minories. With 4 portraits in photogravure and 12 half-tone illustrations. 18s. net.
TUCKWELL, REV. W., M.A.—Reminiscences of Oxford. With 16 illustrations. Revised and Cheaper Edition, with additional matter. 6s.
SWINBURNE, MAJOR T. R. (late), R.M.A.—A Holiday in the Happy Valley with Pen and Pencil. With 24 full-page coloured illustrations. A Description of Several Months' Holiday in the Playground of India. 16s. net.
COTTERILL, C. C.—Human Justice for Those at the Bottom. An Appeal to Those at the Top. 2s. 6d. net.
GASKELL, LADY CATHERINE MILNES.—Prose Idyls of the West Riding. Tales of Simple Life, Illustrating Yorkshire Character. 6s.
HUTCHINSON, HORACE G.—Nature's Moods and Tenses. With 32 illustrations. 7s. 6d. net.
GROVE, LADY.—The Social Fetich. 5s. net.
MASON, A. E. W.—The Broken Road. 6s.
BARKER, J. ELLIS.—Modern Germany: Her Political and Economic Problems, her Policy, her Ambitions, the Causes of her Success. Second and very greatly enlarged Edition. Completely revised and brought up to date. 10s. 6d. net.
FITCHETT, REV. W. H., B.A., LL.D.—The Tale of the Great Mutiny. New and considerably enlarged Edition. 6s.
DE LA PASTURE, MRS. HENRY.—The Unlucky Family. With 28 illustrations by E. T. Reed. 6s.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

STORRING, GUSTAV, Professor of Philosophy in Zurich University. (Translated by Thomas Loveday, lately Professor of Philosophy in South African College, Cape Town).—Mental Pathology in its Relation to Normal Psychology. 10s. 6d.
PILLSBURY, W. B., Professor of Philosophy in Michigan University.—Attention. 10s. 6d. net.
LLOYD, A. H., Teacher of Philosophy in Michigan University.—The Will to Doubt. 4s. 6d.
BURROWS, H., and J. A. HOBSON.—William Clarke: Thinker and Writer. 7s. 6d.
CASTBERG, P. H., Banker, of Christiania.—Production: A Study in Economics.
TSCHUDI, CLARA. (Translated from the Norwegian by Ethel H. Hearn).—King Ludwig II. of Bavaria. With coloured portrait. 7s. 6d.
GARNSEY, E. R.—Epilegomena on Horace.
DALBIAC, COL. P. H.—Dictionary of English Quotations. Fourth Edition, with Appendix. 7s. 6d.
STOPES, MRS. C. C.—British Freewomen: their Historical Privilege. Third Edition, revised. 2s. 6d.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

LEE, VERNON.—Studies of the Eighteenth Century in Italy. New illustrated edition. 21s. net.
MOSSO, ANGELO.—The Palaces of Crete and their Builders. 21s.
STANLEY, EDWARD (Bishop of Norwich).—Before and after Waterloo. Edited by J. H. Adeane and Maud Grenfell. 18s. net.
WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—Milly and Olly. 6s.
TROWBRIDGE, W. R. H.—Mirabeau the Demi-God. 15s. net.
STRACHEY, LADY (Edited by).—The Letters of Edward Leas, Author of "The Book of Nonsense." 15s. net.
PLAYNE, C. E.—The Terror of the Macdugholts. 6s.
LANDON, MARY.—Mid Pleasures and Palaces. 6s.
ROSEGGER, PETER.—The Light Eternal. 6s.
BUCHANAN, ALFRED.—She Loved Much. 6s.
COSTELLOE, RAY.—The World at Eighteen. 3s. 6d.
NESBIT, E.—The Enchanted Castle. 6s.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.

TURNER, ETHEL.—The Stolen Voyage. 3s. 6d.
JACKSON, L. E.—Feadora's Failure. 3s. 6d.
Ward, Lock and Co.'s "Wonder Book." 1908 volume. Picture boards, 3s. 6d.; also cloth gilt, 5s.
TURNER, ETHEL.—Happy Hearts. Picture Boards, 3s.; cloth gilt, 4s.

THE READER.

"THE FLESHLY SCHOOL OF FICTION."

The widest interest has been aroused throughout the country by the spirited protest against the Fleshly School of Fiction by "A Man of Letters," which appeared in "The Bookman" for October. A long and interesting article from the pen of Benjamin Swift appeared in the "Daily Chronicle," and practically all the principal papers of the day drew special attention to the protest against the degradation of the modern novel which appeared in these columns. We have received a large number of communications on the subject, and have pleasure in printing in this month's issue a selection from the letters which have reached us. In the December number of "The Bookman" further correspondence will be printed, and "A Man of Letters" will reply to his critics.

MARIE CORELLI.

I entirely sympathise with the strong feeling displayed by your contributor, "A Man of Letters," concerning the degrading spirit and influence of what he terms "The Fleshly School of Fiction," the more especially as it coincides with what I myself have often sought to express in my own writings, notably so in "The Sorrows of Satan," where in the fictional character of "Sybil Elton" I drew as dark a picture as I could of a woman's nature, once good and pure, which had been corrupted and ruined by the reading of questionable literature. Those who care to make references in this regard, can turn to pages 201 and 276-7 of the book in question, if they wish to convince themselves of the earnestness with which I then put forth a warning, and strove to protest against the positive criminality of authors who, like Zola and D'Annunzio, commit what may be called premeditated murderous outrage upon unprepared and innocent minds. But, sir, we are unhappily forced to realise that the "Fleshly School of Fiction" has been for a long time, and still is, the school which receives the greatest support and chiefest encouragement of the literary critics, and one commonly sees the most enthusiastic praise awarded by reviewers to books, which, plainly speaking, are not fit to be admitted into any decent household. If those who elect themselves as judges of literature thus applaud and admire the "fleshly school," it is perhaps not surprising that such authors as are greedy of press eulogy should sink to the level which press eulogy seems to demand. At the same time I would venture to point out that the "Fleshly School of Fiction" is mainly the reading of the wealthy and indolent members of the upper class, some of whom are dubbed "the Smart Set." The "ladies" of this particular section of society appear to revel in "Yahoo literature"; they talk of it everywhere, and pass it round among their aristocratic acquaintances as "something *too* awful, my dear!—*do* read it!" But hardworking women, for whom life still means simple love and faith and duty, cling to what "A Man of Letters" rightly calls "the splendidly wise and tender-hearted tradition of Scott, Dickens, and Thackeray"—and, inasmuch as the Workers always outnumber the Drones, it follows that where the prurient novel sells from three to five thousand copies, the clean, sane, wholesomely human book sells a hundred thousand. Dickens, called "vulgar" in his own day, and even now accused by many affected stylists of "slipshod English, faulty construction, gross exaggeration, and mawkish sentimentalism," still commands his millions of readers, for which those who wish to keep human nature at its best may very heartily thank God. Though, judging from contemporary criticism, it would seem that it is not a sign of an author's merit if his or her books are "popular." It is, on the contrary, according to reviewers, merely a proof of his or her incapacity, and of the "degraded" taste of the public. Yet if the "degradation" of the million continues to be manifested by a love for Dickens as a novelist, and for Shakespeare as a dramatist, it looks more like elevation to a higher grade of intellectuality than that possessed by the "cultured" and exclusive classes who delight in the ethics of the dustbin. The fact that the demand for the prurient novel exists chiefly among the "Upper Ten," shows us that the blight seems to have settled on the top of the tree. Whether it will creep down and eat its way to the core of our noblest national ideals remains to be seen; we hope and think and pray it will not. But the current press cannot be exonerated from blame in having largely assisted to bring about the state of things of which "A Man of Letters" so justly complains. By the constant discouragement of poets, it has well-nigh killed Poetry, the highest of all arts; and when a widely-read journal like the *Daily Telegraph* gives special prominence to the following "advertisement" of a merely disgusting "literary sensation," we can hardly wonder if the degraded parties who are concerned in providing that sensation, should find their imitators among semi-educated and weak-minded persons who imagine that impudence is genius.

"The public are accustomed to read love-letters of writers after their deaths, but it is an unusual sensation to read them while both actors in the love drama are living. Not since D'Annunzio, in his book 'The Flame,' revealed his love

passages with Eleanor Duse, has such a literary sensation been roused in Italy as by 'Letters to Lydia,' which have just come out. They are impassioned love epistles, written in the purest and most charming style. The author is Edward Scarfoglio, one of Italy's best writers, and ex-husband of the well-known authoress, Matilde Serao. Lydia is the beautiful actress, Lydia Gauthier, who, to make the affair more piquant, herself publishes the letters. She explains her action by saying that her friends had reproached her for her love for Scarfoglio, and that she publishes the letters as a justification to prove that after such wooing she could not help herself."—*Daily Telegraph*, October 15th.

D'Annunzio, when he made capital out of the unselfish love of Elenora Duse, showed himself as nothing but a "cad"—and the "beautiful actress" who now deliberately gives to the public love-letters addressed to herself alone, declares herself to be of a class unmentionable to ears polite. The point at issue, however, is, that a reputable journal read by the British million should put this unsavoury item forward as "news" of first-class importance. Men and women who are so lost to a sense of decency as to publish each other's love-letters, should rather be ignored, as the vulgarians they undoubtedly are. But if the press encourages and applauds indecency and vulgarity, it will be difficult work for authors to keep up the high standard set before them by the unsullied examples of Scott and Dickens. Publishers, of course, have a remedy for the evil; they can always refuse to publish objectionable books. It is vaguely understood that a law exists prohibiting the sale of indecent pictures and indecent literature; why is this law not brought to bear on certain cancerous specimens of the modern novel? Authors are often jeeringly told by their critics that they "take themselves too seriously," but it may be questioned whether they take themselves seriously enough. For their responsibility is great. Their business is to elevate, inspire and help their readers to a hopeful and healthy outlook on life and love, and the greatest reward that any writer, however gifted, can win, is the knowledge that he or she has influenced even one, if no more than one, fellow-creature for good. On the other hand, no greater crime can well be committed by authors of books than the deliberate writing of prurient stuff calculated to injure and undermine the moral sense and perception of their readers, and one does not envy the condition of mind and conscience in which such authors exist, knowing, as they must know, that the world is the worse for their "fleshly" productions, when, if they were only true to their high vocation in the spirit of Scott and Dickens, it should be infinitely the better.

MARIE CORELLI.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

I have been reading with interest the article in THE BOOKMAN entitled "The Fleshly School of Fiction."

My personal view is briefly this. It is impossible for realistic writers to ignore the mysterious workings of nature, the claims of sex, the demands of passion. All one should ask of them is that they should be well enough equipped with a true knowledge of life and of the law of proportion to remember that these vital importances, vital though they are, represent but one part of a complex whole, and should therefore not be allowed "to sweep out landscape, ideas, humour, wit, playfulness."

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

The question raised by the article on "The Fleshly School of Fiction," by "A Man of Letters," is, I think, a wider and a deeper one than the writer imagines. Moreover, I doubt whether my opinion on this subject is of any value.

The fact is, that the wonderful and ever-increasing fascination of natural science seems to give me more and more delight every year, every day, and every hour; and as a consequence of this, I have found it impossible to give as much attention as I once used to give to imaginative literature of any kind.

I am, indeed, constantly reminded of Sir William Temple's comparison of human life to a blanket too small for the bed upon which it is thrown. To pull it over on one side, he tells us, is to leave the other side bare. As to novels, good or bad, I must confess that I am almost debarred from reading them; and yet no one can possibly enjoy a good story more than I do when I can find time to read one. It follows that "A Man of Letters" speaks to me in riddles when he alludes to certain novels whose stories have an immoral tendency. But if it is the fact, as he alleges, that many novels of the present day are open to the charge of immorality, I cannot say that I am surprised. Such a state of things would be the natural outcome—the inevitable outcome—of that cynical temper which is always the note of a decadent time like the present. In the literatures of all civilisations enthusiasm has meant life, while cynicism has meant corruption and death. It was the dry-rot of cynicism that invaded and killed at last the literatures of Greece and Rome. And it is the dry-rot of cynicism that, as the twentieth century opens, is killing the literatures of the modern Western world. Of course, in talking thus of enthusiasm and cynicism I am saying nothing original. I am merely echoing what has been said by all great writers, notably by Goethe and Carlyle—the latter of whom remarks that, "of unwise admiration much may be hoped, for much good is really in it; but unwise contempt is itself a negation; nothing comes of it, for it *is* nothing."

Some say that the cynical temper of contemporary England is merely an "addle-pated mimicry" of continental writers such as Zola, Ibsen, and Nietzsche.

It may be so. I have not space here to touch upon that subject. Nor can I say whether or not this "addle-pated" cynicism expresses the real permanent temper of England. I hope not; I do sincerely hope not. But it is the fashion now to sneer, not only at beauty and love, but at all the noblest aspirations of man—man, whose great struggle for life is really of a spiritual kind—the struggle to get as far away as possible from those lower animal forms out of which he sprang. To war against this grandest of all aspirations is the great object of the thin-lipped, ignorant cynicism of a decadent generation, and towards this end nothing can possibly be more effective than to poison the popular imagination with vivid pictures of man's slavery to the appetites which he shares, and must always share, with the beasts of the field. In a word, it is this consideration which makes me say that the question raised by THE BOOKMAN is much wider and much deeper than at first appears.

THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

ROBERT S. HICHENS, Author of "The Garden of Allah."

I have read the rather sensational outburst of "A Man of Letters," and doubt if our fiction is in quite as terrible a condition as he supposes. It is true that I do not see a great many English novels in the course of the year, but among the authors whose works I know, I can only think of two, both of them women, who seem to me deliberately to appeal to the base instincts of readers. And one of these two writes so weakly and badly that I can hardly think she will do much harm.

Even some very clever and famous French authors —such as Octave Mirbeau and Catulle Mendes— seem to revel in foulness and filth; but I never come across any English novels comparable to their worst productions. As to Zola, he is a very coarse, but, I think, a very moral writer.

I am against coarseness in English fiction, but I hope the day will never come when "la jeune fille," or the mother of "la jeune fille," will rule over our authors and publishers. The young girl ought to have her books written specially for her. But men and women who have had to face life want very different fare; not brutal books, not indecent books, but truthful books, such as the greatest Russians, Tolstoy, Dostoievsky, and Turgenev, have written, books which show us the depths as well as the heights of life.

Let there be books for all—except for those who crave morbidly for impropriety. They can satisfy themselves with many modern French novels, or with some of the latest German productions, which, I have been told by both Frenchmen and Germans, outdo anything indecent that is issued in Paris.

ROBERT HICHENS.

The Very Rev. HERMANN ADLER, D.D., Chief Rabbi.

I am fully in accord with the protest against the degradation of the modern novel, pronounced in THE BOOKMAN. It must be confessed with shame and humiliation that some of the novels published at the present day have a vicious and debasing tendency. Books are written which seem to be permeated with dishonourable and dishonouring passions, with coarseness and vulgarity—books which seem to have been penned with no other purpose than to confuse the right conceptions of morality—books which should not be called literature, for they are garbage.

Books such as these should be condemned and shunned by the reading public.

The managers of public and circulating libraries have done good service in this direction in the past. May they continue this supervision with unflagging vigilance!

H. ADLER.

The Rev. SABINE BARING GOULD.

I entirely agree in protest against the "Fleshly School of Fiction." It is not art. It is the degradation of art.

S. BARING GOULD.

The Rev. R. F. HORTON, M.A., D.D.

I cannot help thanking you for the attack on the "Fleshly School of Fiction," and also for the reticence of the writer in refraining from mentioning the books.

The campaign against this moral evil will be arduous enough. There may be a necessity for campaign after campaign. But I have ample evidence of an awakening public conscience. I believe if one paper of repute would cut the boats, and throw itself fearlessly into the battle, the whole country would arise, and strike a blow at the demoralising Press which for a time would be decisive. Who is to be the Bayard of the enterprise? Who will man the ships against this Armada?

ROBERT F. HORTON.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

NOVEMBER, 1907.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the best list of the six most familiar misquotations.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best six quotations from English humorists of the past applicable, by way of praise, criticism, or advice, to the following humorists of to-day:—Mark Twain, Mr. Dooley, G. K. Chesterton, W. W. Jacobs, Barry Pain, Owen Seaman.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR OCTOBER.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English verse has been gained by Mrs. MEADOWS, Norton-in-Hales, Market Drayton.

A SENTIMENTAL SEASON. BY THOMAS COBB.

"I think it was Spring—but not certain I am—
When my passion began first to work,
But I know we were certainly looking for lamb,
And the season was over for pork."
—*Hood.*

Other good quotations submitted were:—

THE ROMANCE OF THE SALVATION ARMY. BY H. FRIEDERICKS.

"We met—'twas in a crowd."
—*T. H. Bayly.*

(MISS ROBINSON, Glengall, Romford.)

A NOVELIST'S ATTACK ON THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

"The page, who saw them, simpering said,
'Alas! 'tis pretty clear,
If she takes so much doctor's stuff,
She will not long be here.'"
—*T. H. Bayly.*

(MISS HOPE DAVISON, Skelmorlie, N.B.)

THE AMATEUR MOTORIST. BY MAX PEMBERTON.

"And each dweller panic-stricken,
Felt his heart with terror sicken,
Hearing the tempestuous cry."
—*Shelley.*

(C. AIRY, Kentmere, Weybridge.)

"Her passing touch was death to all,
Her passing look a blight.
She made the white rose petal fall,
And turned the red rose white."
—*O'Shaughnessy.*

(BERNARD MOORE, 41, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.)

SOCIAL LIFE. BY THE DEAN OF CARLISLE.

"Society is now one polished horde
Formed of two mighty tribes—the Bores and Bored."
—*Byron.*

(MRS. TINDALL, 234, Graham Road, Sheffield.)

SOME CURIOS FROM A WORD-COLLECTOR'S CABINET. BY A. S. PALMER.

"As when we dwell upon a word we know,
Repeating, till the word we know so well
Becomes a wonder, and we know not why."
—*Tennyson.*

(MRS. ADAMS, Ashley House, Aberdeen.)

LADIES' GOLF. BY MAY HEZLET.

"Blithe as the young opossum flits,
With many a sturdy hack,
She cut the living turf in bits,
And failed to put it back."
—*O. Seaman.*

(E. R. MITCHELL, 40, Dartmouth Street, West Bromwich.)

THE TOWER MAIDEN. BY H. C. MACILWAINE.

"We needs must woo the highest when we see it."
—*Tennyson.*

(C. A. JOWERS, Birch House, Haywards Heath.)

THE DIARY OF A BABY. BY BARRY PAIN.

"There was a sound of revelry by night."
—*Byron.*

(MISS E. G. COLLIE, Fullarton, Irvine, N.B.)

THE SOUNDS OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE. BY PAUL PASSY.

"They christen letters Billies,
They call their mothers mares,
And all their daughters fillies."
—*Hood.*

(A. M. HUTCHINSON, Crakell Road, Reigate.)

A FATAL DOSE. BY F. M. WHITE.

"Arsenic, arsenic, sure would do it."
—*Tennyson.*

(M. C. JOBSON, Harrogate.)

THE JOYS OF A SMALL YACHT. REVIEW BY NEIL MUNRO.

"What, ain't I going to be killed, and weltered in my gore?
Well, Heaven be praised! but I'll not go a-sailing any more."
—*Hood.*

(MRS. WRIGHT, Worcester Road, Sutton.)

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS offered for the six finest single-line metaphors in Tennyson has been gained by Miss GRACE PRESTON, 21, Appleton Gate, Newark, Notts.

1. "The lark becomes a sightless song."
—In Memoriam, cxiv.
2. "A million emeralds break from the rosy-budded lime."
—Maud, iv.
3. "The casement slowly grows a glimmering square."
— The Princess.
4. "Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn."
— The Princess.
5. "Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud."
—The Last Tournament.
6. "Pure lilies of eternal peace."
—Sir Galahad.

Excellent quotations were submitted by "Fidelis," Hampstead; L. A. Wilks, Scarborough; Miss M. M. Snow, West Dulwich; Miss A. Werner, Mill Lane, N.W.; Miss A. M. Timmins, Dudley; A. Runciman, Portobello; K. Buckpitt, Hastings; Ralph Todd, Hartlepool; Dora Fisher, Dudley; M. J. Chorlton, Ealing.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for a list of the twenty best English Love Stories coinciding most closely with the general verdict of the answers submitted has been gained by Miss MAURICE, Lloran House, Marlborough.

1.	Ivanhoe	Scott.
2.	Esmond	Thackeray.
3.	The Cloister and the Hearth	Reade.
4.	Lorna Doone	Blackmore.
5.	Pride and Prejudice	Jane Austen.
6.	Evelina	Fanny Burney.
7.	Romola	George Eliot.
8.	Jane Eyre	Charlotte Brontë.
9.	Adam Bede	George Eliot.
10.	Two Years Ago	Charles Kingsley.
11.	Marcella	Mrs. Humphry Ward.
12.	John Halifax, Gentleman	Mrs. Craik.
13.	The Light that Failed	Rudyard Kipling.
14.	The Ordeal of Richard Feveral	George Meredith
15.	Wives and Daughters	Mrs. Gaskell.
16.	That Lass o' Lowrie's	Frances Hodgson Burnett.
17.	David Copperfield	Dickens.
18.	Catriona	R. L. Stevenson.
19.	Ravenshoe	H. Kingsley.
20.	Tess of the D'Urbervilles	Hardy.

IV.—A PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN has been gained by Miss H. M. BATCHELOR, 7, Lansdowne Place, Blackheath, and Mrs. CHARLES WRIGHT, Fairmead, Worcester Road, Sutton, Surrey.

SOME ENGLISH HUMORISTS.

By R. C. Lehmann.

MR. J. A. HAMMERTON is an industrious gleaner in the field of humour. He is also a courageous man. He has just published a book, "English Humorists of To-day," in which he attempts to furnish a *conspectus* of humour, as it exists in our midst, and of sixteen prominent writers who, having displayed humour in one form or another, have survived the struggle, and are, indeed, still alive at this moment. It is well, no doubt, to have included sixteen and to have fortified your opinion of their worth by short specimens of their writings; but what of the sixteen hundred or so (we state the number roughly) who have perpetrated humour and are left out? How do they feel about this select publication? Moreover, among the sixteen there is no woman. Is this courteous? Is it even fair?

We say, therefore, that the author-editor is courageous; but we must add that he is discreet. He has not attempted to define humour. In fact he has abstained from the attempt with deliberation, and that abstention must stand for ever to his credit in a world which is always trying to define something, whether it be Mr. Balfour's opinions on Free Trade or the exact position and environment of the North Pole. We ourselves know (perhaps vaguely, but still we think we know) what we mean by humour. The man who saw his friend jump out of the fourth floor window of a burning house into an imaginary blanket also knew what he meant by humour when, in relating the story, he added that he hadn't laughed so much since father died; but it is possible that if we proceeded to discuss a definition with this genial orphan we might fail to reach any common ground. He, at any rate, had an intense appreciation of what we may call hot-poker humour *in excelsis*. It is the humour of misadventure and suffering and death. It extends in one direction to mothers-in-law, policemen who are deceived and rendered ridiculous, and wives who discover their husbands stealing upstairs without boots in the early morning hours. In another it concerns itself with the last hours of monarchs or the very foundations of religion. It cannot be said to be a pleasant variety, though it is widely spread. There are other sub-varieties of humour special to the professions. Among these we have judicial humour, the result, probably, of a prolonged suppression of the sense of the ridiculous in the course of a life devoted to statements of claim, interrogatories and the idiosyncrasies of jurymen. There is also the humour of the clergy which plays gently about the vagaries or the *bon mots* of Bishops and the behaviour of infants at the font; and there is a humour of medical students intoxicated with the delights of the dissecting-room or the operating-table. But, after all, what is the use of specifying? The whole world rightly viewed is nothing but a gigantic perpetual piece of humour, ranging from man with his futile striving and his ineffective prying down to the Dandie Dinmont dog with his gargoyle appearance and his absurd courage, or the vegetable marrow with its swollen importance and affectation.

Let us return, however, from our wanderings. What, we may be asked, is to be said about the particular method of selection adopted in the book we have mentioned? No doubt, the choice of the sixteen has been judicious: they have all won their caps and bells. We have no fault to find with the selector's words of introduction as he presents each of his performers to the public. He has studied his authors and knows their points. He does not fail to indicate the grand quarters of the one, the splendid pastern joints of another, and the magnificently sloping shoulders of a third. No higher mettled stud of accomplished prancers was ever to be paraded. Yet the misfortune is that he cannot show them whole. If they were undivided, his stable-yard would not contain them. He is therefore reduced to the hoof of one, the unwrung withers of another—here a mane, there a roguish eye, and there again a knee without a scar; and from these somewhat confused specimens we are to infer the whole troupe in their unmaimed pride and majesty. The effect is a little patchy and disturbing.

Anthony Hope.

By permission of the Proprietors of "Vanity Fair."
From "English Humorists of To-day."

Jerome K Jerome.
From the original drawing by Thomas Downey.
Reproduced in "English Humorists of To-day."

We do not desire to exaggerate the results of this defect. The task in any case was a difficult one, and it was not rendered easier by the particular method chosen for carrying it out. Limited as the selector was by this method and by the size of his volume, he could not but fail here and there to exhibit really satisfactory examples of the humour of his authors. Take, for example, the case of Mr. Barry Pain. His specimen in "English Humorists of To-day" is "A Modern Sibyl." It is a clever story, and it is well written. Our only complaint against it is that it is not specially representative of Mr. Barry Pain. It does not show us the Mr. Pain of "Eliza" or "The Canadian Canoe," or "Playthings and Parodies"; nor does it show the Mr. Pain of "Martin Luther at Potsdam" and "Bangkolidye," those two uproarious pieces of humour which Mr. T. A. Cook rescued from the back numbers of the *Granta*, and republished in his "Anthology of Humorous Verse." When we think of Mr. Pain, we think by an irresistible association of a sort of tender cynicism merging into tragedy, of flashes of insight quivering like arrows in the centre of their mark, of verbal felicities streaked with verbal perversions (he has done some very solemn things in puns), and, above all, of a humour playing like a benignant flame about its subject. These are the qualities which any one blessed with an extensive knowledge of Mr. Barry Pain's work would pronounce to be his distinctive possession, and these, or some of them, we have a right to expect in any selection.

F. Anstey.
From a sketch by Harry Furniss.
Published in "English Humorists of To-day."

Then again there is Mr. Chesterton. Mr. Chesterton is nothing if not riotous and expansive. But he cannot expand to his true extent or riot to his proper capacity in a single extract. You have to know his little ways, his fashion of throwing humanity at your head as if it were a pincushion stuck full of paradoxical needles. You can sample him by "The Napoleon of Notting Hill" or by a course of his essays, or by his dealings with Browning and Dickens, those masterly performances which have delighted the Dryasdusts with their inaccuracies and have made the judicious happy with their genius; but you can't get an idea of Mr. Chesterton from a single Saturday essay contributed to the *Daily News*, excellent though it be. Mr. Chesterton is not to be reconstructed from this fragment of a knucklebone.

As to Mr. J. M. Barrie, the task of sampling him is desperate. As well might you study sunbeams in cucumber frames or the flight of a swallow in a canary's cage. Of course, no editor could well omit Mr. Barrie from his collection. The public would have complained, the editor would have been blamed, and therefore by hook or by crook a half-pint of the best Little White Bird brand had to be decanted. And just as we are beginning to enjoy our glass, rolling the wine round our tongue, and saying, "There's body for you; there's aroma," in comes the editor, whisks away glass and decanter, and invites us to taste some of the admirable H. G. Wells vintage, *cuvée reservée*, and so on to Sir William Gilbert, Mr. Whiteing, Mr. Zangwill, and others. We say again it is a little disturbing.

Mr. Anstey, no doubt, fares better in a selection, and Sir Francis Burnand, perhaps, best of all, but then they had an initial advantage. Much of their work was written for *Punch*, and each weekly instalment, though

it might be part of a series, was intended to amuse, and succeeded in amusing by itself. We may be told that this is true, for example, of Mr. Chesterton's Saturday essays in the *Daily News*, but as a matter of fact it is not true at all in the same sense. Mr. Anstey and Sir Francis were satisfied if they had pricked a bubble or tickled your ribs, a purpose they accomplished quite frankly and openly. Mr. Chesterton, on the other hand, has a scheme of life. He is a fighting man, and, though he may jingle a bell or two, he merely does it to distract you from paying attention to his threatening attitude and the imminent terror of his blows. We generally picture him writing with one fist attached to his pen, and the other securely planted in the eye of Mr. Blatchford of the *Clarion*. Now the two *Punch* men we have mentioned have no concealed object. They are not trying to convert you. They are chiefly *Punch* men, and their work bears sampling more easily than that of some others. Yet, even in their case, we should have liked more. Something we should have liked from Mr. Anstey's "Vice Versâ"—nay, we should have liked the whole of that immortal book. A quarter of a century has passed since it saw the light of day, but it has lost nothing of its freshness and delight. It must remain a classic so long as there are British fathers, British boys, and British schoolmasters in the land.

One great advantage we must be duly grateful for in any book of selections: it cannot fail to remind us of the joys to be found in Sir Francis Burnand's "Happy Thoughts." "A Game of Whist," for instance, is a gem from that full treasure-house. There is something almost diabolical in the ingenuity with which "Happy Thoughts" gauges the feelings and represents the actions of the average man. All whist-players, except the very best—and they are fortunately few—must recognise the absolute truth of "A Game of Whist." We know those hands: we have held them and, for our sins, have had to play them ourselves: "Childers leads the Queen of Clubs. I consider for a moment what is the duty of second hand; the word 'finessing' occurs to me here. I can't recollect if putting on a three of the same suit is finessing: put on the three, and look at my partner to see how he likes it. He is watching the table. Englefield lets it go, my partner lets it go—the trick is Childers's. I feel that somehow it's lost through my fault. . . . About this time somebody's Queen of Diamonds is taken. I wasn't watching how the trick went, but I'm almost certain it was fatal to the Queen of Diamonds: that's to say, if it *was* the Queen of Diamonds; but I don't like to ask." The miserable man, too, had been asked to score: "Scoring always puzzles me. I know it's done with half-a-crown, a shilling and a silver candlestick. Sometimes one bit of money is under the candlestick, sometimes two." In quiet provincial families where Bridge is detested, this sort of whist is still played nightly. If it should ever perish utterly and be no more seen, the historian of manners will be able to reconstruct it and the emotions of those who played it from Sir Francis Burnand's book.

We come now in the natural course of things to Mr.

G. K. Chesterton.

From a caricature by Max Beerbohm by permission of "The Idler."

Owen Seaman, Sir Francis's successor in the chair at Mr. Punch's table. It is the custom of those who review a book of light verse, especially when it deals with Oxford or Cambridge, to say that it belongs to the school of Calverley, or that Calverley might not have

W. Pett Ridge.

From a pencil sketch by A. S. Boyd.
Published in "English Humorists of To-day."

disdained to father some of the pieces. This kindly sort of suppression has been tried on Mr. Seaman, but it has failed because Mr. Seaman has a genius of his own for the art he practises. Infinite pains he takes of course—in no other way could he produce his extraordinary effects—but there is no trace of labour in his completed piece. On the contrary, there is an almost rollicking ease about his lines. They are inevitable, and in that lies their force. Look through "Horace at Cambridge," "The Battle of the Bays," any or all of Mr. Seaman's books of verse, and you will find finished scholarship, a sense of music, an extraordinary inventiveness and skill in the matter of rhymes and metres, a charming faculty for hinting a jest or driving home a point; but a padded line or—worst fault of all—a cockney rhyme you will not find. You may disagree with the political views which Mr. Seaman enforces in verse, but to the verse itself in its essential qualities of lightness, briskness, point and polish, you will not be able to take exception. And Mr. Seaman is even better (if that be possible) in parody than he is in the familiar or Horatian style. Take, for instance, his parody of Mr. Meredith's ode to Napoleon, and note how through all the delirious involutions and convolutions of his phrases Mr. Seaman yet keeps hold of a strong thread of continuity which enables him to bring the parody to a triumphant close. The fact is that Mr. Seaman brings to the writing of light verse some of that σπουδαιότην, that "high and excellent seriousness" which Matthew Arnold declared to be the mark of a classic.

Photo Messrs. Russell & Sons. **A new portrait of Mr. Owen Seaman.**

There remain many others, but we have barely sufficient space in which to speak of them. They are a brilliant company, and, what is even more important, they are very good company. We cannot, however, forbear a word of gratitude and admiration to Mr. W. W. Jacobs. His well of humour is, indeed, inexhaustible, though he draws lavishly from it for our delight. His mariners with their artless wiles, their sly simplicity, their craftily contrived misfortunes and their primitive gallantry, so often unappreciated, make an irresistible appeal even to the most inland of us. Charon, freighted with Mr. Jacobs, will stay his bark in mid-stream to listen to a tale. May that day be far distant, for we ourselves want much more from Mr. Jacobs.

Some others we may briefly, though not on that account without respect, suggest. There is Mr. Andrew Lang, learned, versatile and delightful, wearing his load of knowledge as easily as a boy sports his ignorance, and illuminating even the dark places of folklore or history with his brilliant vivacity. If you want the true Horatian tenderness, the manly regret for the days that have gone and the joys that are no more, and the playful resignation to the awful decrees of Fate (*durum, sed levius fit patientia*), where shall we find these "notes" in greater abundance than in "Lost Leaders," "Letters to Dead Authors," and "Letters on Literature"? The work is done, as it seems, with consummate ease and enjoyment, and it bears the eternal stamp of sincerity and freshness.

Then, too, we may mention Mr. Quiller Couch. His novels and his "Adventures in Criticism" are well known. Less celebrated, perhaps, but not less brilliantly distinguished, is that magnificent ballad, "The Jubilee Cup," which is one of the chief attractions of Mr. T. A. Cook's "Anthology of Humorous Verse." It is a glorious piece of sportive verse, combining, as it does, in one consistent and indefatigable whole the special jargon of racing, rowing, cricket, football, and every other game known to mortal Englishmen. And so we are led on to Mr. Belloc, that master of irony (with Dr. Caliban and Emmanuel Burden as his proposer and seconder); to Mr. A. Godley, whose verse, though careless here and there, has peculiar and shining merits; to Mr. Eden Phillpotts, accompanied by a soaring human boy; to E. Nesbit, with her incomparable society of romantic

Photo Annan & Sons, Glasgow. **Mr. Hilaire Belloc, M.P.**

Barry Pain.

youngsters of both sexes; and to Captain Kendall (Dum-Dum), who can never in his former days have performed more skilful feats of coruscation with his sword than he now flashes upon you with his polished pen. Mr. Bernard Shaw, too, might claim a place. Where in the charming realm of touch-and-go is there a prettier thing than "You Never Can Tell"? If we refrain from any further blowing of Mr. Shaw's trumpet it is only because the instrument cannot easily be secured. It is, so to speak, in hand, and its owner hesitates to stop his airy music. Of all these names, none is included in the book of selections we have mentioned. We lay no stress on that. We can readily believe that a selector has no easy task. *Tantæ molis erat ridentem condere gentem*, even when the *gens* is limited to sixteen, that the anthologist may well shrink from the task of adding to his nosegay.

A GERMAN BIOGRAPHY OF LORD CHATHAM.*

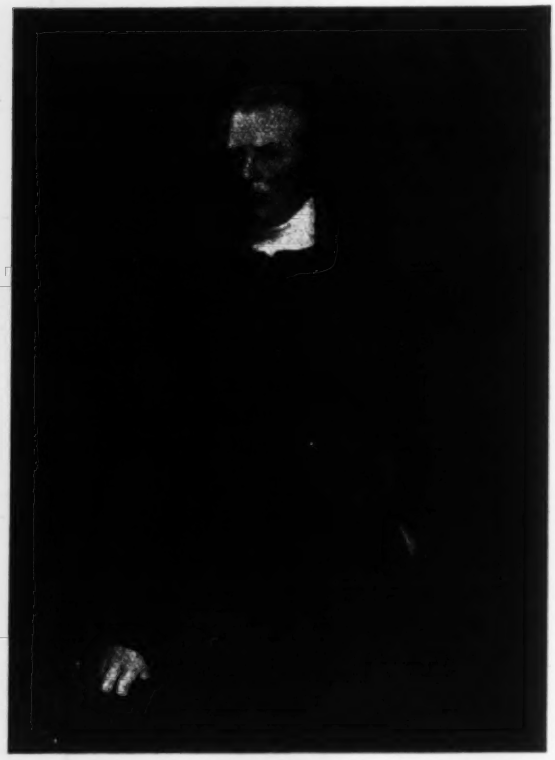
By Thomas Seccombe.

THE same sort of compliment that Guizot, Ranke, and Klopp have paid to England under the House of Stuart has now been paid to England under the House of Brunswick by a distinguished Prussian historian, Albert von Ruville. The work as a whole, which is now before us, this massive "Life of the Earl of Chatham," in three large volumes, with sixteen portraits and a competent index and critical apparatus, is highly significant alike of the new curiosity excited by our national history and of the new ideals by which the study of history is dominated. Something deserves, perhaps, to be said of the supineness of our English Historians in allowing a foreigner to erect the first adequate literary monument to the first and greatest of our Imperial statesmen. As a literary memorial, however, it might be retorted that it will not bear comparison for a moment with that raised by Carlyle to the genius of Chatham's great contemporary, Friedrich; while in extenuation of the present race of historical writers it might be pointed out that Armstrong's recent "Charles V." is a book not unworthy to be classed with this "Life of Chatham." As a literary performance, indeed, the present work can make no claim to take a prominent position. What is obvious at a glance is that it is a serious contribution to the political, military, foreign and colonial history of England during the third quarter of the eighteenth century; and that in its English dress the work reflects the highest credit upon the care and diligence of its translators, Mr. H. J. Chaytor and Miss Morison, and upon the public spirit of its publishers, Messrs. Heinemann and Putnam.*

It is needless, perhaps, to dwell upon the fact that Von Ruville has entered upon the labours of many previous historians, both native and foreign. In the large section dealing with the Seven Years' War, for instance, apart from the contemporary work of Entick and Smollett, and the later histories of Stanhope, Adolphus, Phillimore, and others, there is the ponderous avoirdupois of the two massive volumes on Chatham by Francis Thackeray, and there are the brilliant studies of Chatham by Macaulay, Lecky, and Frederic Harrison. The well-documented portrait of Chatham by W. D. Green in the "Heroes of the Nations" series, the work done by Innes, and, in the Political History, by Dr. Hunt, by Bradley and Major Wood

* "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham." By Albert von Ruville. Translated by H. J. Chaytor, assisted by Mary Morison. With an Introduction by Hugh E. Egerton. 3 vols. 30s. net. (Heinemann.)

* It should at the same time be pointed out that the work would gain greatly by the provision of a detailed Table of Contents, while the text would have gained considerably by more section headings, and by occasional marginal rubrics.



William Pitt the Younger.
(Reproduced from "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

on the Canadian side, and the numerous histories of British India, all serve to contribute to the picture; and these have been reinforced in recent years by several works *de fond*, illustrating the struggle from the French point of view, such as the books by Wadding, Pajol, Daubigny, and Doniol, which Von Ruville seems to have used very little, if at all, since he does not cite them in his appendix of authorities. What is most significant, however, is that it should have been left to this German historian first to go exhaustively through the Chatham MSS. at the Record Office, and the Newcastle Papers at the British Museum, with a view to a synthetic presentation of English politics upon anything like such a scale as this.

Hitherto there can be no doubt that the regnant conception of the elder Pitt in the minds of his fellow-countrymen has been that contained in the eighth chapter of Lecky's History. A more brilliant piece of character painting could hardly be imagined, a more powerful description of the spell cast over mankind by the sheer force of rhetorical genius has certainly never been painted. Lecky quotes contemporaries with the utmost skill to pile up the effect that he seeks to produce: Charles Butler's testimony as to his hero's power over the Terrible; Lyttelton's saying to the effect that Chatham's words often froze his young blood to stagnation, and at other times made it course through his veins with such rapid pulsations that his veins could scarcely maintain it. Then his dignity, his preparatory sentences alone working the House to such a condition of awestruck silence that one could hear a pin drop! Imagine the great Commoner threatening Lord Anson with impeachment unless the ships he wants are ready by a certain date; or turning upon the serried House like a tiger when someone ventured to laugh at his proposed tax on sugar. "Sugar, Mr. Speaker," said Pitt. "Sugar," he repeated three times, turning fiercely round, "who will dare to laugh at sugar?" and the members, like timid schoolboys, sank into silence. Has not the mere recital of these "histrionic" exploits still some of that old unaccountable effect upon the blood?

Von Ruville is quite incapable of writing in this picturesque kind of way. He is one of the modern school of historians to whom readability is a minor consideration—not an absorbing preoccupation. He tells the old anecdotes about Pitt, of course, but he does so in the most unobtrusive way, and obviously without the least intention of heightening the effect by means of rhetorical emphasis of his own. The result is that we get a very different idea of Pitt from that constructed by Lecky. But although it is a far less superhuman and sensational idea of the statesman that we get from these pages, it must be admitted that far from diminishing the stature of his hero, Von Ruville has in the net result, and upon a cool consideration of the whole matter, decidedly enhanced it. For we see here, in much greater detail than ever before, the enormous difficulties that Pitt had to contend with, the burden he had to bear between his tribuneship and direct responsibility to the nation, his obligations to the crown, the cramping influence of the yoke that bound him to Newcastle, and the necessity of keeping the proud Whig condottieri in order by a skilful alternation of sugar plums and jalap. The extent, moreover, to which Pitt's ascendancy was dependent upon an almost unbroken run of success is revealed to us in a manner that has never been suspected before these intrigues of Temple's and the young court were laid bare. That Chatham never hampered or compromised his generals by precise instructions is, of course, a well-known fact. But no one has formed a higher conception of Pitt's indispensable genius as organiser of victory than his German biographer. To the work of the caricaturists and satirists, among whom conspicuous stands Smollett in his scathing burlesque called "The Adventures of an Atom" (to which, by the way, Von Ruville seems to pay less attention than it deserves), our author appears to pay extremely scant regard. It cannot be denied, of course, that a good many of Chatham's greatest effects were undesigned. An attack was planned on Martinique and ended in the capture of Guadeloupe. Chatham aimed at shattering the French power in distant corners of the globe, but the decisive blow revealed what was in reality the vital part. It was Hawke's great victory in Quiberon Bay which was, in Mahan's opinion, the Trafalgar of the war, and which really rang the knell of French dominion across the Atlantic. But Von Ruville is evidently not much in sympathy with blue-water history, though he demonstrates that by his care for the dock-yards and distribution of warships, Chatham had the root of the matter in him. Another great difficulty that has been rather slurred over by previous historians is the activity of the peace party during 1760. The way in which Chatham manipulated this is admirably

demonstrated in the second volume, where the speeches of the great Commoner are summarised in a highly effective way.

Another feature of great interest is the new conception formed of Bute. Far from being the unscrupulous adventurer whom English historians have generally portrayed, Von Ruville discovers in Bute a loyal clansman, who served the King from far better motives than those common among the great nobles of the "Venetian oligarchy." "His relations were," he says, "those of honest and devoted friendship, of a strength rarely found in England. It was a friendship characterised by the fidelity of the Highlander." His object was first and last to be of use to his master, and to make his reign as happy as possible. This idea is so simple that it would never have occurred to an English political writer; but it seems to suit the facts better than any theory we have yet seen advocated. Bute wanted to protect George III. from Pitt in much the same way as Prince Albert sought to protect Victoria from Palmerston. But he was anxious to retain Pitt's inspiration in war, no less than Newcastle's fine parliamentary touch when peace should eventually rise above the horizon. And when the peace came, though Englishmen decried it as they decried that of Utrecht, Von Ruville shows justification for Wilkes's view that it was "the damndest peace for an opposition that ever was made." We should have liked to dwell upon Von Ruville's treatment of the American imbroglio. On the whole his view seems to us singularly impartial, much more so than that of Sir George Trevelyan. No two histories, indeed, could resemble one another less in style and method than these two. The present work is undoubtedly very closely written, and difficult to make one's way into. But the interest once aroused, the reader will find that the author will not allow it to relax, and the momentum is gradually increased until at the end one feels that one has been at grips with a thoroughly sincere, admirably organised, and deeply instructive piece of work.

New Books.

PROFESSOR SAINTSBURY'S "NEW HALLAM."*

Under this title the editor would wish that his large enterprise—a map or sketch of European literature from the "Dark Ages" to our present illuminated era—should be known. Henry Hallam, single-handed or hundred-handed, according to the metaphor chosen, grappled some sixty years ago with a task of this character; he has left us four volumes amazing in their richness of booklore, calmly judicious in their verdict, old-fashioned in style, and now, as we may suppose, antiquated. A complete survey of modern poetry and prose Hallam did not attempt. Professor Saintsbury himself, who has conquered worlds unexplored by Hallam, and who would certainly not shrink from anything short of the impossible in this department, relinquishes with a sigh to nine other well-known scholars the periods they severally account for; but sums up the whole in a "Pisgah-sight" of literature with which this volume and the series are brought to an end. "Vos valete et plaudite," say the company by the lips of their choregus while the curtain falls.

We should be unthankful did we stint our applause. Beyond question here is "an attempt, original and meritorious," to exhibit Western writing since the collapse of the Roman Empire in its due proportions, its qualities, its achievements, "from the comparative point of view." On all sides we become aware that the opening twentieth century is taking stock of the inheritance with which it starts. Cambridge "Histories," "Everyman's Libraries," and a hundred other co-operative unions among students and editors, are all efforts to find a focus where the ages shall combine to some victorious result and yield us the elements of culture, at once national and international. Thus, to state our problem in a different way, the education termed liberal at English universities, until of late was built on Latin and Greek, on the classics, as an everlasting foundation. Now, printed books, newspapers, and magazines, furnish to millions all the culture they are likely to get; and this vast output is modern, owing very little directly to the classics. How shall we master it? How escape a deadening bewilderment in presence of it? How snatch from it the good that suits each one of us, and leave the bad, the mediocre, the too-much that in effect makes us poor because we cannot digest it? There was an old synthesis of reason applied to life and letters. Can there be a new? This inquiry will be less unmanageable when we have taken stock of the whole of modern productivity on its various lines. Then our Encyclopædia, falling into shape by juxtaposition of parts and their comparison, may at length appear to be an organism, a cosmos and not, as hitherto, a chaos. Literature seems to invite a general treatment, if only because all the periods through which it has run, act and re-act upon one another, while research in it is often not difficult. And so we get our Tiraboschi, our Bouterwek,

* "The Later Nineteenth Century." By George Saintsbury, M.A., Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. 5s. net. (Blackwood and Sons.)

William Pitt, First Earl of Chatham.

(Reproduced from "William Pitt, Earl of Chatham," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

our great French and German collections, on all which these dozen volumes draw at need.

Still, bear in mind, despite the quotation from Matthew Arnold serving as an epigraph to the whole, that we stand with our Professor on an English Pisgah, not on the Alps or any foreign heights. Omnivorous, all but omniscient, our guide—will he forgive the word?—is John Bull, if ever there was a John Bull, sturdy, self-willed, prejudiced, a Tory of the Tories, Samuel Johnson at the feast of modern literature. He is nothing if not peremptory. He likes to challenge all comers, and hits you between the eyes by way of persuading you. This recipe for striking a light may be good old Norse or Bearsark; it would surprise the French critic whose aim at lucidity is rather an invitation than a challenge to the reader; and, in short, as Mr. Micawber would say, I prefer the French. The air of amenity convinces while it helps towards explanation, above all in subjects not strictly scientific, where the personal equation determines so much. Whatever else literature may be, it is not dogma. I believe there are principles of the critical art; in any case to persuade by charming your audience remains the supreme gift, the secret of Sainte-Beuve or Charles Lamb, and the true test by which Humanism should be distinguished.

I say this all the more earnestly inasmuch as I value the remarkable series now completed, both for its quality and its purpose. No one but Professor Saintsbury could have brought it to an issue, or have exercised on its course an influence so stimulating. It is everywhere alive, never pedantic, or dull, or dilettante in a bad sense, or pompous, or dryasdust. The stores of information gathered into it are not easily to be got by any save experts. That it evades the common dangers of a literary survey I will not maintain. Such estimates cannot be untouched by likes and dislikes peculiar to the judge who pronounces them. Whether it be possible or not to draw from his description a portrait of the prisoner at the bar, it is quite easy to sketch one of himself, when Professor Saintsbury is trying the case. Though he affirms that in poetry the subject does not matter, and that literature being an art, we may abstract from its moralities (or so I understand him), his summing up is coloured again and again by his views in politics, in religion, in economics, as well as by the philosophy, so to call it, of Pantagruel which he affects. His shadow has very definite outlines, cast on every page of his composition known to me. "What for no?" the Professor may reply in one of his idiomatic Scottish phrases. But I am simply stating the fact.

Or, indeed, a little more. In his concluding chapter I find such a wealth of observations with which I agree, so just a judgment on periods overlooked or misinterpreted by the multitude even of those who take pride in being children of the light, that I cannot commend it too heartily. He will force upon reluctant minds the truth, so long obscured, that in modern literature, as elsewhere, we must not fancy absolute beginnings. The "Dark Ages" had their flotsam and jetsam of the classics from which they constructed a raft, or a Noah's ark, bringing down to after times priceless relics. The Romance which flourished later is not dead while Arthur lives, and is ever coming back with him. The Church liturgies, popular hymns, lives of the saints, mysteries and miracle-plays, have contributed their share in those culminating works of the earlier or later Renaissance, stamped with the names of Dante and Shakespeare. To an incalculable degree the Revival of Letters was an offspring of the Middle Ages, legitimate and to be looked for when its season arrived. The "Augustan Ages" themselves are not purely classic; often far from it, and why? Because a supreme event—I mean Christianity—had been interposed between the Rome of the Cæsars and the Rome of the Popes. If in the eighteenth century Voltaire and his host incarnated a form of negative Humanism, fatal to poetry in all its manifestations, there came in due course the Romantic revolt, to be followed by the Romantic triumph. And this, Professor Saintsbury contends, no "Realism" of any Zola or Ibsen can defeat, while it scores a fresh victory in Nietzsche's uprising against the average man as in Tolstoy's exaggeration of New Testament principles.

"Always Romance!" That, according to our critic, is the conclusion of the whole matter. He is not devoted to "kinds" or even to "schools"; what he seeks through all periods is the glamour of the word, impressions that render life in any aspect, provided the miracle be achieved by which we are caught up into Paradise. I am well aware that he tends to a sort of mystical excess, which would sacrifice the meaning to the music. But on that head I have written in another place. It may be, after all, a question rather of emphasis than of absolute difference. This I do like and admire in the Professor's view, that he takes literature to be for ever the stronghold of freedom, inspiration, genius; of the spirit that no science can melt into the circumambient air, no atheism deny or escape from in its most extreme blasphemies. Man is the subject, man the source, of literary power; it is individual, utterly beyond the reaches of materialist philosophies to explain, evoke, or control. Romance may be defined by any attribute implied in its nature; but if it carries at all times with it a sense that man is man, distinct from the elements, not the mere slave of destiny, somehow transcending the Here and Now, we can see why it should be welcomed as deliverance. From that Pisgah height literature spreads out a divine prospect, with glimpses into eternity. It ceases to be a passing entertainment, a fashion or a toy; it has affinities with all great human things, and we are not astonished to learn that Revelation of the Highest was given by means of it. But I have said enough; I will end with congratulations to the group of eminent men who have given us a work certainly unrivalled for compass, and not inferior to the most celebrated in its kind, on a theme so delightful. May it, as Prof. Saintsbury dares to hope, be asked for at circulating libraries and taken home to study, by way of relief from novels which have in them no spice of romance!

WILLIAM BARRY.

DEAN HOLE.*

It must be confessed with regret that, to all who care for good editing, and (further) to that wider company who reverence the genial memory of Dean Hole, this collection of his letters can hardly fail to prove a disappointment. A mistake, as it seems to us, has been made from the very outset. Inspired, no doubt, by a thoroughly worthy distaste for the snobbishness of so many "Lives and Letters," Mr. Dewar has endeavoured to avoid the risk of any such taint by selecting such letters only as seemed to him to illustrate the broad-minded and humane character of their writer. He has, in a word, denied himself the privilege of printing many letters to some of the most prominent men of the day. That, at least, is what one gathers from the "Memoir," and it scarcely seems probable that the Dean's correspondence did not include a more representative body than that which is drawn upon for the material between these covers. The idea, of course, is based upon sound judgment, but it has been carried too far. For a man who meant so much to his generation the Dean is allowed to reveal the mainsprings of his public life too scantily. The correspondence as a whole is thin and unsatisfying.

Then, again, the material is not very intelligibly arranged. Dean Hole, in his several inimitable volumes, told the world so much about himself, that Mr. Dewar may have felt some natural hesitation in attempting to follow him over trodden ground; but he has permitted his diffidence to restrain him overmuch. The "Memoir," which precedes the letters, does indeed give a thoughtful and clearly-defined picture of the Dean's temperament, and shows a good deal of skill in holding the balance between his occasional impetuosity and his perennial goodness of heart; but, for purposes of comment and explanation of the letters, it is woefully deficient in framework. Nor do the connecting links of narrative between the letters help the reader as they should. The letters are not always chronologically arranged: they are scattered about at odd intervals of their writer's life; and it is really extremely difficult to follow the circumstances under which they were written, or their exact relation to their writer's career and interests.

Further than this, there are a good many irritating mistakes, of which a few instances will suffice. On page 32

* "The Letters of Samuel Reynolds Hole, Dean of Rochester." Edited, with a Memoir, by George A. B. Dewar. 15s. net. (London: George Allen and Sons.)

Mr. Dewar prints a letter from Dean Hole to his wife, of which he has been unable to decipher the date. He gives it conjecturally as 1855, 1865, or 1905. But the text of the letter contains an allusion to a dinner with Shirley Brooks and a visit to the St. James's to see Charles Mathews act. Now, a very little consideration would have shown that this could not possibly have taken place in the month of June two years ago! Again, on p. 113 there is an important letter to Lord Halifax, in which Dean Hole resigns his membership of the English Church Union. The letter is undated, but the incident took place in 1899. Why, then, sandwich this letter in between two indifferent, irrelevant letters to Mr. T. Francis Rivers, both of them dated in the early autumn of 1886? Then, on p. 153, in endeavouring to correct a mistake of the Dean's, when he had confused the Mrs. Harris of "Martin Chuzzlewit" with Mrs. Gamp, Mr. Dewar falls even deeper into the morass, by further confusing Mrs. Harris with Betsy Prig, and attributing to the mythical Mrs. Harris herself the sceptical utterance that questioned her own existence! Finally, to have done with these small points, there is, on page 178, a stupid misprint in a well-known Latin quotation—a misprint which would surely have filled the scholarly old Dean with disgust, since it makes havoc of an hexameter. These things ought not to have passed the editor, who is there precisely for the purpose of detecting any such slips and discrepancies.

But the disappointment which the book will arouse will not, we fear, be confined to Mr. Dewar's share in the volume. It must be confessed that the Dean's letters, as here printed, fall very far short of expressing the wise, kindly, discriminating nature from which they proceeded. To be sure, this is no uncommon complaint. It is very seldom that a man writes to his friend as well as he talks. But one had expected a good deal of the Dean's "Letters"—perhaps too much. Perhaps those bubbling, effervescent volumes of reminiscence have left too strong a savour behind them. And no man ought, in his familiar correspondence, to be too self-consciously in intellectual full-dress. Nevertheless, these letters do distinctly disappoint. In some of them the good-fellowship seems a little theatrical; in others the priestly counsel strikes a somewhat formal note. Of course, it is always difficult to judge letters. Most of them were written for a definite purpose, and addressed to a definite individual. In many cases there may be as much of the recipient as of the writer about them. And in every instance the first, fresh savour must be gone from them. The best are like dried rose leaves in a bowl—the faintest reminiscence of their summer prime.

Still, it will be pleasantest to accept what good things we do get in this volume, and to be grateful. Here and there, certainly, is a glimpse of the true man. What, for instance, could be more characteristic than this introduction addressed, on behalf of the Rev. C. C. Ellison, to George Paul?

> "This is to certify that although the bearer, C. C. Ellison, has the lineaments of a garrotter and the manners of a rhinoceros, he has never, *to the best of my belief*, been convicted in a Court of Justice. (Signed) S. REYNOLDS HOLE."

It is said—and we well believe it—that George Paul's face was a study, when Mr. Ellison handed him the letter in person, among his rhododendrons. And here is a delightful little anecdote of child-life.

> "Colonels Barrington Foote and Shaw-Hellier came to luncheon yesterday. The former brought his boy, nine years old. Reading the brass in memory of Charles Dickens in the Cathedral, he said to his father, 'Was he executed here?' 'No,' said papa; 'why do you ask?' 'Because it says "By order of his executors."'"

And here, again, is a thoroughly merry jest, addressed to a friend who had written on behalf of an old man who "had nothing but his mangle to live on."

> "My dear Mrs. Nicholson,—I will do my best for the poor fellow, who has nothing but a mangle to live on. He ought to be supplied with the same apparatus which Major Jones, now at Chatham with the Warwickshire Regiment, told me was charged for to his father by the village carpenter, thus:—
>
> 'The Rev. Mr. Jones to J. Smith.
> A set of lignum vitae Bowels.'
>
> The e in the final dissyllable was, I need hardly remark, superfluous."

These, and other such flashes of merriment, recall the excellent, unaffected oratory of one of the best of after-dinner speakers, who was also (one need scarcely add) as deep and serious at heart as he was often gay and irresponsible upon the surface. Mr. Dewar's Memoir gives a very sensitive picture of the real man; it is, indeed, the one satisfactory thing about his editing. Dull and literally-minded "religionists" often misunderstood the Dean's humorous emphasis. They were shocked at his plain-speaking, and distressed by his wit. But

> "And thus he bore, without abuse,
> The grand old name of Gentleman,"

and Dean Hole was typical of that class of laughing philosopher, whose wisdom is all the deeper for his laughter. He enjoyed the good things of life, but he never put them before the better things of eternity. He feared no man, because he had himself nothing to fear; but he respected every true man, whatever his circumstances, and he did more, perhaps, than any priest of his generation to emphasise the gentle brotherhood of Christianity. Of him one may fittingly quote his own definition of "a gentleman."

> "There is no such being as a gentleman by birth. No public schools, no universities, no study of elegant literature, no intellectual attainments, no accomplishments, no titled playmates can confer the gift. The real elements, the truthfulness which cannot lie, the uprightness which will not stoop, the courtesy which considers all, the honour which cannot be bribed, the command of the passions, the mastery of the temper—these can only be learned from God."

It is well said; and it is a lesson which he did not forget to keep before himself all the days of his life.

> "And thus he bore, without abuse,
> The grand old name of Gentleman."

ARTHUR WAUGH.

THE POPULAR BALLAD.*

In the volume before us we welcome the beginning of a new series, to be issued under the capable editorship of Prof. Neilson, of Harvard University, designed to treat of literary types, not literary periods; and we are promised volumes on "The Allegory," "The Masque," "The Tragedy," "The Novel," etc. Although it is less usual—but, as Prof. Neilson points out, quite as important—that types should be treated irrespectively of chronology, than that periods of literature should be viewed without special regard to any particular form, series of a similar kind are not unknown in England. But if the subsequent volumes are as thorough in all respects as Professor Gummere's study of the ballad, this series will bid fair to hold the field.

In any case, cis-Atlantic students of balladry must acknowledge that America has led the way in that science ever since Francis James Child began his great work. No one can fail to regret that, while he completed his studies, on the lines he had laid down, of the 305 ballads, which in his judgment fulfilled the requirements of true "English and Scottish Popular Ballads," he died before he could write his summary, his verdict, his final definition of a ballad, its constitution and origin. Our consolation must be that he still speaks through his pupils. Three years ago Professor G. L. Kittredge, himself the editor of the tenth and last part of Child's collection, wrote an extremely valuable introduction to the one-volume or "Cambridge" edition of Child. This essay, together with Professor Gummere's present book and his previous studies and editions of ballads, really supplies all that is lacking in the *editio princeps*.

Professor Gummere devotes more than a third of his book to an admirably planned recapitulation of the definition and origins of the ballad. In his "Beginnings of Poetry" (1901) he showed himself a decided champion of the "popular" theory of ballad-origin; and while it is only fair to say that he here yields no point, the broader treatment and more detailed study of the ballads themselves seem to mitigate in some degree the apparent sternness of the fundamental argument. His modest advice to the reader to omit this

*"The Popular Ballad." By Francis B. Gummere. ("The Types of English Literature," edited by Prof. W. A. Neilson. Vol. I.) 6s. net. (London: Constable and Co. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co.)

first chapter, as being not controversial, but simply a restatement of conceded facts, should be disregarded by anyone who admires a sane and scholarly redaction of an extensive field of literary polemics. Professor Gummere adopts the position of the don who had "no tolerance for dogs, doubting their powers of self-restraint"; the bone of contention is, of course, the origin of balladry, but the fight is now dying away in a few growls. Nothing shows more clearly that a speculation has become a science than the introduction of technical terms; and Professor Gummere's final test of "incremental repetition" is a feature of popular verse, which has perhaps been observed before, but has hitherto lacked a specific name.

His second chapter, almost amounting to half the book, is devoted outwardly to a classification of the ballads by their subject-matter; but to the reader it is an elaborate and illuminating critical study of nine-tenths of the acknowledged 305, one by one. (The reviewer may perhaps be pardoned for a kind of adventitious pride in seeing the carol of "The Bitter Withy" sanctioned for enrolment, as he was the first to print it.) Nor is this chapter dull, as it might seem from its subject likely to be; Professor Gummere has a very acceptable style of his own, touched with humour and the helpful allusion and parallel which result from wide reading and knowledge. Two short but no less suggestive chapters, on the "Sources" and the "Worth" of the Ballads, complete the book, and leave the reader, with fine ballad-verses ringing in his ears, contemplating the marvellous history and circumstances of popular verse.

It is comparatively recently that the Ballads have been admitted as worthy of scientific consideration and research. The Elizabethan outburst of glorious artistic literature nearly killed them, and doubtless deprived us of many good ballads for ever. Addison—to take no more examples—held them to be "rude," though it did not prevent him from loving them. Percy loved them, apologised for them, mishandled them; and we regard him with mingled feelings, despite the acknowledged value and influence of the "Reliques." To-day we go back to Aristotle, and discover that he understood popular verse—choral and improvised—though he excluded it from his definition of poetry. The ballad is the eldest child of rhythm, and rhythm is to be derived from communal labour and the festal dance. That does not account for everything; sooner or later the *poet*—the maker, in the strict sense of the word—must be admitted. True; but one poet cannot make a ballad; the people must take it up, acknowledge it, chop and change it, transmit it, before it can take its place as a true popular ballad. It is this process which has appeared so incredible. But why? is a similar process impossible even to-day? Imagine three or four men on a holiday, in festal spirits, swinging along in a rhythmic tramp on an English high-road in the summer of 1907. Is it inconceivable that, as they pass the village of Blank, one of them should say, prompted by the left-right march of their feet, "There was an old fellow of Blank," that another should supply the second line, a third outline or hint the conclusion of the stanza, or that the completed verse should be variously improved by each? Continue the parallel; suppose the result to be so meritorious that it hangs in the memory of each of the friends, and that subsequently they repeat it to others; how many versions of that stanza will be extant in the course of a few weeks? Such a "modern instance" will not hold good, as a parallel to the beginning of popular verse, from every point of view; but who can observe the above process and refuse to credit the possibility of the ballads having begun in a similar way?

Once launched, the ballad is naturally subject to illimitable chances of corruption. Professor Gummere well illustrates certain methods of contamination by quoting a very curious and fragmentary perversion of W. E. Henley's best-known poem, which was printed in the question-column of a newspaper. This again is a constantly observed fact in oral tradition. The present writer recently asked some intelligent schoolboys of about fourteen, who had been learning "Macbeth" for a school performance, to write out the first few lines of the play; and two at least exhibited interesting variants of the third line. The stumbling-block was the unfamiliar "hurly-burly," which one transliterated, quite pardonably, into "hurdy-gurdy." The other, with perhaps less excuse and greater originality, wrote, "When the herly bird is done." Both examples are submitted to students of oral tradition as illustrative of the perils to which popular verse is open.

But for our traditional narratives—for the gallant three hundred and five—the danger is past. The printing-press, whose invention sounded their knell, has now embalmed them for us, and we anatomise at leisure. Child was their Darwin or their Owen; but a study of the mental processes of humanity is obviously more elusive and more theoretical than the study of physical processes. And it is perhaps that which lends fascination to Professor Gummere's comprehensive and well-balanced book. FRANK SIDGWICK.

THE UNDERGRADUATE.*

It would scarcely be fair to blame Mr. Portman for writing this book. There was clearly no help for it. Having written a successful school story, it was inevitable that he should be encouraged to attempt a sequel, with his hero as an undergraduate. The fate of sequels is notorious, but precedent was all in Mr. Portman's favour. Tom Brown went to Oxford, why not Hugh Rendal? Mr. Portman is young, he cannot long have left Oxford. He has obviously rowed in his college boat and been to a bump supper. In his more hilarious moments no doubt he "ragged" some inoffensive "smug" in the orthodox manner. Besides, there is a popular theory that the Universities are a kind of seventh form to the public schools, and that the undergraduate is only a schoolboy raised to the *n*th power—which is true enough of some undergraduates, but not of undergraduates in the aggregate. Consequently it was not unnatural that Mr. Portman should imagine himself qualified for the task, which would tax even Henry James, of handling that most complex of psychological problems, the undergraduate, a man in intellect and a boy in instinct, with a knowledge of books only equalled by his ignorance of life.

Mr. Portman views Oxford from a superficial standpoint. In fact, he still seems to see Oxford with the eyes of an undergraduate, as a place where men row or play "footer," talk slang and on occasion "rag" or have bump suppers. This, the surface life of Oxford, is described with great spirit and an engaging boyishness. Work is an evil, sometimes a necessary evil, though "firsts" are admitted to have a certain utilitarian value. Rendal rows, and being a hero, of course secures his "blue." Incidentally he works and takes a first, for the confounding of all "smugs" who cherish the fallacy that Oxford is primarily a place of learning. To vindicate the superiority of the "blue," Rendal is made to beat the "smugs" at their own game, all of which is essentially British and in keeping with the characteristic British prejudice in favour of the amateur as against the serious student. Parenthetically it may be remarked that Rendal's conversation does not indicate that his intelligence is in any way above that of the ordinary "blue." His education, like the catastrophe in Greek tragedy, takes place off the stage.

It does not appear to have occurred to Mr. Portman that the influence of Oxford on the undergraduate is not due to the rowing any more than to the occasional rag or the everlasting slang. These things are accidental. Oxford men might play diabolo (perhaps they do) and converse in English, and behave with the strictest decorum, and still Oxford would remain much what it is now. Mr. Portman has not merely failed to analyse the secret of Oxford's charm—greater men have failed in that—but he has failed to realise that the charm has a secret. Nor has he eyes for all the tragi-comedies of Oxford life; the nascent statesman tackling great problems with the confidence of youth and a seriousness which a minister might envy but not emulate; the brilliant star shooting meteor-like across the academic firmament, only to be lost in the obscurity of a schoolmastership or a Government office; the dawning ambition of a poor scholar introduced to a luxury hitherto unknown; the son educated by the self-sacrifice of his parents till he finds himself half-unconsciously criticising them with a kind of pitying tolerance.

The obvious difficulty in constructing a story of University life is that nothing happens. The undergraduate is intensely self-absorbed, but from the outside standpoint his life is necessarily uneventful and without emotional interest. To obviate this, Mr. Portman adopts the usual device of making

* "The Progress of Hugh Rendal." By Lionel Portman. 6s. (Heinemann.)

his hero fall in love. Now the undergraduate in love resembles any other man of the same age in the same condition, except, perhaps, that he is more egoistic. But though Mr. Portman describes the superficial aspect of Oxford life admirably, his hero is too much like the ordinary rowing "blue" to make a satisfactory lover. In fact, Hugh Rendal in love is distinctly comic. Besides, the introduction of this irrelevant love interest gives the story rather a jerky effect, slabs of sentiment being sandwiched in between chunks of rowing. Mr. Portman has produced the best description of a boat-race ever written, but when it is a question of love-making the reader can only ask, "Was ever woman in this manner wooed?" L. G. BROCK.

A TALE OF EGYPT.*

More than once, in the course of this large and ambitious romance, the reader, suspicious of the Imperialist paw under the fleece of fiction, is tempted to wonder if Sir Gilbert Parker intends to make his hero a replica of Gordon. But the dates do not fit, for one thing. The author expressly denies, in a note, that the characters are historical. And, finally, the hero's fate is happier than Gordon's; his siege in the south of Egypt is raised in time. Nevertheless it is of Gordon that one instinctively thinks in following the career of Claridge Pasha, though Sir Gilbert has made his plot more dramatic than ever by giving David Claridge a Quaker training. The book opens admirably. The hero is excommunicated temporarily from his Quaker community in England for having knocked down a man who has proved false to a girl, for having comforted and kissed the girl, and for other breaches of the Friends' ethical code. The death of his uncle, an Oriental merchant, takes him out to Egypt to settle the dead man's affairs, and he is pressed by Kaid, the Egyptian Khedive, to become practically Prime Minister. As he hesitates, an accident serves to decide his movements. While awaiting an interview in the Palace, he knocks down and kills a wealthy scamp, Foorgat Bey, who in an adjoining room attempts to ill-treat an English girl, Hylda Maryon. In a gust of fine, quixotic feeling, Claridge now resolves to devote his life to Egypt in expiation of this crime. Such is the pivot of the book. The Khedive had desired his services partly from a superstitious belief in his luck, partly from admiration of his honesty, which he hoped might put some check on bribery and robbery. But Claridge's motive is the desire of making his life a long sacrifice for the soul and the land of the man whose body he had slain. The murder is hushed up, and the Quaker enters on his dangerous and incongruous career amid the intrigues and corruption of the Court. His difficulties are heightened by the secret treachery of Nahoum Pasha, Foorgat's brother, who knows the secret of his brother's death, and, under a subtle guise of friendship, proceeds to thwart and discredit the new favourite's policy. Meantime, Hylda marries Lord Eglington, the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the British Government, and her interest in Claridge is quickened by the news of his career, while her uncle, an eccentric American, devotes his wealth and friendship to the service of this Quaker pasha. The book's climax is an expedition undertaken by Claridge into the Soudan, during which he is surrounded by the natives and almost cut off.

Photo G. C. Beresford.

A new portrait of Sir Gilbert Parker, M.P.

The opening scenes and the Egyptian episodes all through are dramatically sketched. Sir Gilbert works the psychological interest of the situation for all it is worth, and his pages at these points are always convincing, sometimes even thrilling. But the English episodes are less relevant, while the political incidents are unimpressive. Either less or more should have been made of Jasper Kimber's relation to Kate Heaver; the whole affair of the succession to the Eglington peerage might have been omitted with advantage; and even the figure of Mr. Lacey, apart from the humorous relief he offers, scarcely seems organic to the movement of the tale. Hylda herself is brilliantly conceived: her adventurousness, her sudden spasms of fear and generosity, her instinctive resentment of the obligation under which David has unconsciously laid her, and her ultimate passion for him—these ring true. Sir Gilbert, indeed, has succeeded to the life with all the women of his story. But one hesitates to accept the regeneration of Achmet and Nahoum, these Oriental rascals, by the moral nobility of David. It is too beautiful and sudden. Sir Walter Scott declared the one flaw in Fielding's sketch of Squire Western was that, as an English squire, he should not have taken his beating so quietly from the hands of Lord Fellamar's friend. Many readers of "The Weavers" will be sceptical, I am afraid, as to whether this pair of scoundrels would or should have taken David's moral suasion so much to heart. But it all makes for the glory of the Quaker pasha, and it must be allowed that his management of Egypt is by no means a milk-and-water business. The author has really given us a capital Egyptian novel, crowded with adventure and shrewd observation. If his desire for variety has produced racial and social and religious antitheses which have rather affected the texture of a good plot, it has at least furnished the reader with materials for some hours' uninterrupted enjoyment. The illustrations are vigorous, but no one would have missed them if they had been left out. Those who superintend literary competitions might do worse than ask their readers to point out three of the pictures which suggest that the artist has read his text in a hurry. JAMES MOFFATT.

* "The Weavers: A Tale of England and Egypt of Fifty Years Ago." By Gilbert Parker. Illustrated. Price 6s. (London: William Heinemann.)

A FOURTEENTH CENTURY ROMANCE.*

I was talking the other day with a blasé young critic of novels about Mr. Marion Crawford's new book, and the young man asked me what it dealt with, and what was its period. I mentioned first that it treated of Italy in the fourteenth century, and he said that that being so, the book's readers would not include him. "Give me," he said, "a tale of the present day; I want telephone bells to ring in every chapter; I like Marconigrams to reach the hero; realism which I can understand is given if an airship is described in a flight over St. Paul's Cathedral; and, above all, the characters must wear the costume of the present day and speak in the language of the present day." No doubt there are many determined novel-readers who fight shy of a book which opens with (say), "It was early

* "Arethusa." By F. Marion Crawford. With illustrations by Gertrude Demain Hammond. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

Photo Thomson, Grosvenor Studios, New Bond Street. **Mr. Marion Crawford.**

in the year 1250, and the scene was Egypt," and contend that by selecting a byegone period the author handicaps himself, as neither he nor his readers have acquaintance with the period that is dealt with. Still, what of Shakespeare, Thackeray, Dickens—all wrote works that pictured periods far away from their own day, and these works are among their most important? No; it is to be feared that the young man had only a prejudice to back him, and that—like all prejudices—it was based on unreason.

It is to be trusted that many readers will not be deterred from renewing acquaintance with Mr. Crawford, or from making his acquaintance for the first time, by the fact that the action of this, his latest novel, takes place in the fourteenth century, and that the scene is Constantinople, in the far-off days when Constantinople, Genoa, and Venice were places of prime importance and the keenest of commercial rivals. The book is one that matters, and is highly charged with the charm which one invariably finds in Mr. Crawford's romances. He has the power of conveying to the reader a sense of the atmosphere of a country, and his characters are flesh and blood creations—though some of their names might well have been made less extraordinary. Such names are "Karaboghazji," "Omobono," "Kokona," and "Pietrogliant." The central figure of the tale, Arethusa, is a well-born girl who falls into extreme poverty, and, for the sake of the family who have adopted her, she allows herself to be sold as a slave to Messer Carl Zeno. Zeno, however, was only acting as an intermediary, having been commissioned to buy a slave for the wife of his friend Marco Pesaro. Pesaro in his instructions explained that his wife was ten years his senior, and impeded by rheumatism. Pesaro gives very definite instructions to Zeno as to the kind of slave required, and he mentions that she must have small ankles, "not larger than you can span with your thumb and middle finger." He adds, "My wife will care less about the waist." All of which, naturally, interests the reader. Arethusa, however, does not go to Pesaro, but is kept in the household of Zeno himself. The end is easily foreseen, but with political intrigue and much deft character-drawing, Mr. Crawford prevents the reader from skipping many pages.

Mr. Crawford is not sparing of his words in his descriptions of people; but the detail which he gives does not weaken the picture. He is not Preraphaelite in his touches: Dickensian he may be. This is typical of much in "Arethusa":—

"The woman was a huge, red-haired negress in yellow, fully six feet tall in her heelless slippers, and her black arms, bare above the elbow, were as sinewy and muscular as any fisherman's or porter's. Her thick lips were parted in a sort of savage grin that showed two rows of teeth as sharp and white as a shark's; her hair must have been just dyed that day, for it was as red as flame to the very roots, and it stood out almost straight from her shiny black forehead and temples; as she rather contemptuously scrutinised Omobono from head to foot the whites of her black eyes gleamed in a way that was positively terrifying. She wore wide Greek trousers of blue cotton, gathered at the ankle, and a wadded coat of yellow, that hung down below her knees in loose folds, like a sort of skirt, but tightly fitted over her tremendous shoulders. This garment was closely girded round her ample waist by a red sash, in which she carried her armoury, consisting of a serviceable Arab knife with a bone hilt and brass sheath, and a small whip made of a broad flat thong of hippopotamus hide, with a short oak stock."

It may be said that the foregoing is "old-fashioned"; and no doubt it is old-fashioned in these days when the Impressionist is abroad; but it is a healthy and sane kind of old-fashionedness, and it is done by one who is a master of his tools. "Arethusa" is not a sensational novel, it is not a work of the Fleshly School, that was so severely handled by an anonymous writer in last month's issue of this periodical, and it is far from being a book that attempts to conform with certain of the less desirable features in much of our modern fiction. Mr. Crawford takes his craft seriously—as he always has taken it; but his pages would be brighter if they contained a greater amount of "humorous relief."

DAVID HODGE.

A HISTORY OF FRENCH LITERATURE.*

About five and twenty years ago, when the present writer made his own attempt to give some account of French literature in English, there was very little "wale o' wigs" in that matter. There was, I believe, even then a translation of Demogeot's manual, an excellent one as far as it went; but I, at least, never saw anything, at once original and independently devoted to the matter, of earlier date, though there were, of course, passages appurtenant in most of the histories of France, and a good deal in Hallam. The quarter of a century, however, which has passed, has seen not a few attempts, more or less original, and several translations. Nor is it easy to imagine anybody of such a sublime self-confidence as to think that he himself had exhausted the subject, and left nothing for anybody else to say—even putting entirely out of consideration the fact of the constant additions to the actual body of material. In certain respects, French literature stands alone for extent, diversity and many-sidedness. Our own has an even longer history; but it has at least one great and almost total break, and another later dead season, the deadness of which may be exaggerated but cannot be denied. It is no extravagance to say that French, for eight hundred years at least, and probably for nine, has had no break at all, and scarcely anything that can be called a prolonged dead season. Further, the existence of certain general features throughout this long period, while undeniable, requires very careful treatment. And, lastly, there has been in French, more persistently than anywhere else, though the habit is too common in most literatures, a fashion of refusing to treat the whole *as* a whole; while, on the other hand, the deductive tendency of the French mind has made almost every historian of the literature (except mere compilers, and not excepting most of these) write with an extreme *parti pris* in one way or another. This almost necessitates the correction of one authority by another, in the case of all but those who approach the subject with such an amount of first-hand knowledge that they practically need no guidance at all. And even they can hardly fail to benefit by the fresh focussing of it.

It was certainly most fitting that M. Faguet's treatment should find a place in English dress among these various handlings, for there can be very little doubt that, since M. Brunetière's death, he is at the head of the subject in France. It is true that both in that country and out of it complaints (which have rather increased of late years) have been made of his fashions of criticism. Devotees of ornate or bizarre style have never liked him; even those rather presumptuous persons who used to call M. Brunetière's own style *affreux*, often object to M. Faguet's as being too monotonous and drab-coloured. Although he is neither a

* "A Literary History of France." By Emile Faguet. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

strongly personal critic (he is accused of being, in fact, too little of this), nor one who allows special theories to bias him overmuch, he cannot be called exactly impartial. His avowed dislike of Romanticism would of itself prevent this. On the other hand, his information is very wide and generally very sound; and his "focussing" never turns into "hocussing"—there is none of the plausible *suggestio falsi* which historians of literature, as well as historians of politics, can practise, and very often do.

A curious and interesting feature of the volume before us is a special Introduction which the author has prefixed to the English edition, dealing with the correspondence and mutual indebtedness of English and French literature. This is a subject very well known to experts; and it has occasionally been worked up into a sort of "side-show" for examinations—a proceeding more ingenious than wise, inasmuch as the range of the matter is not great, and very easily *crammable*. M. Faguet's views on the matter are of course of the highest interest, and some may find it amusing to draw up beforehand a list of the English authors who have actually exercised most influence in France, and see how far he is aware of the facts and what he adds to them. Putting Shakespeare aside, and not taking account of men like Sir Thomas Browne, who were appreciated for private or professional reasons, *our* list would be Addison, Young, Thomson, Richardson, "Ossian," Scott, Byron, Maturin—stopping short of modern novelists from Dickens onward. All these M. Faguet duly mentions, except Thomson, whose influence, through Saint Lambert and others, on the French descriptive school of verse he has overlooked; and Maturin, whom perhaps he would think beneath him. It ought not to be, but perhaps will be, a revelation to English readers, who have forgotten Young, to read how very powerful the "Night Thoughts" were in France, not only in their own century, but in the Romantic time. On the other hand, almost every educated person knows the extraordinary vogue of Richardson, and of "Ossian," across the Channel; while even people who have no great literary knowledge should know that of Scott and Byron. Perhaps the most interesting contribution that M. Faguet himself makes is the statement that there has been a recent "boom" in Ruskin among his countrymen—a fact which would seem to argue a more radical change in French mental attitude than almost anything else of the kind. His casual remarks on English writers who have felt French influence are not always quite happy in appreciation; and there is an odd slip of pen or translation in the statement that M. Renan went to London "to *attend* lectures." He really went to *give* them; and they are very well remembered by some of those who heard them.

But this introduction is, of course, a mere *bonus*—a sort of complimentary and complementary addition to the book, though one which has a special value, because it exemplifies one of the kinds of application of the study of literary history which, for its students, are almost endless.

One of the excellences of the main body of the volume has been indicated already—that it does not in the least shirk the task of dealing with the earlier divisions of the subject. In fact, of its rather less than 700 pages, a full half—if not the slightly larger half, allowing for a certain overlapping of subject—is devoted to literature before 1600. And this part is wisely provided with tolerably abundant illustrative extract, which is mostly omitted in the later part, where readers are supposed to be more or less acquainted with the texts.

In the very earliest of these divisions there are perhaps a few signs of second-hand knowledge. M. Faguet is more positive as to authors, origins, order, and the like than some of us, who have looked narrowly into the matter, would care to be; and there are oddities of other kinds. One is, for instance, rather startled to find "Geneviève" (Guinevere) spoken of as the "bride" of Lancelot; and to talk of "two versions of the Lancelot story, one of Welsh, one of Provençal origin," is to settle an enormous problem, or series of problems, in an almost appallingly off-hand manner. So, too, one may be a passionate admirer of the Arthurian legend, and yet rather rub one's eyes at the assertion that the Tristram story is one of "*chaste* love"; and there must be some curious confusion, either of ideas or of terms, behind the statement that "the poems of the Breton Cycle developed into simple *lais*, that is to say, romances, very long," etc. That M. Faguet, though quite free from the ignorant or wilful depreciation and contempt of mediæval work, is not quite at home with it, may be seen from his endeavour to make out the "Roman de la Rose," even in its earlier and most characteristic part, to be "a *humanist* poem," on no better ground than that there is a good deal in it taken from Ovid. No doubt there is; and no doubt Ovid was popular throughout the Middle Ages. But it is impossible to imagine anything more utterly opposed to the humanist temper and spirit than the whole atmosphere, attitude, and character of the "Rose" poem as it left Lorris's hands. Still, the mere space assigned to this great and charming time is something, and indeed much.

In regard to the next period, that intervening between strictly mediæval literature and the age of Louis XIV.—or, say, from Villon to Corneille—there is not only an ample allowance of space, but a plentiful seasoning of appreciation and knowledge. It is true that M. Faguet's humanist preoccupation, and his determination that the Romantic dogs shall not have the best of it, affect his views, perhaps rather unfortunately, here also. One may respect the generosity, while perceiving the hopelessness, of his attempt to defend Boileau's ridiculously ignorant and ignorantly ridiculous description of Villon himself. But the opposite attempt to make out Sainte-Beuve wrong in the connection which he saw between the Pléiade and Romanticism, though less transparently impossible, is for that reason more dangerous. It has already, from M. Faguet's previous works, filtered through into popular opinion, both in France and in England; but it is an error. Sainte-Beuve was the last man in the world to make a mistake on such a point; and even if

Arethusa.

The heroine of Marion Crawford's new novel.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.)

he had taken no side on the matter, history and fact are against M. Faguet. Nevertheless, his handling of the later fifteenth century, the whole of the sixteenth, and the earlier part of the seventeenth, is extremely full and valuable. To say, as he says, that the sixteenth century is "the greatest period in the history of intellectual progress in France," is to say a very large thing, and one which, perhaps, should not be accepted in its entirety. But as it is evidently a belief of this kind which has induced him to bestow so much attention on this century, with the dawn before and the decadence after, there is very little reason to quarrel. It has given us the best part of a good book.

In comparison, the later part from 1660 onwards is perhaps slightly disappointing. Either because the writer felt his space contracting (we all do that, but careful planning will obviate it to some extent), or because he assumes greater knowledge on the part of his readers (always a dangerous thing), or because he has written already as much as he cares to write on the different subjects, they are handled, now and then, in a cursory and casual fashion which is hardly satisfactory. One may be very fond of Marot; but it does seem rather odd that in a history where he has had a dozen pages, little more than one should be considered sufficient for Honoré de Balzac, and about three and a half for Victor Hugo. It may seem odder still that (so far as reading and the index tell us) there is not so much as a mention of Baudelaire. Now, you may be shocked at Baudelaire, or you may not; you may like his poetry, or you may dislike it; but if you are a historian of literature, you cannot with any propriety be silent on the greatest single influence of the last half-century in French poetry. And when you are actually *not* silent about a product of that influence like Verlaine, the silence becomes not merely improper, but incomprehensible. Nor is it less odd to find a notice of M. Jean Richepin and none of Théodore de Banville.

Still, this fashion of criticising a literary history, though it is to some extent incumbent on the critic, is rather ungracious. Omissions are almost inevitable; and differences of opinion between writer and reader are inevitable altogether. The question to be asked is, "Has the writer grasped his subject, and has he put the result of that grasp before the reader in such a way as to be a definite addition to critical views of it?" That question may be answered, in the case of M. Faguet's book, with an unhesitating affirmative. It is not perhaps a book for a beginner; it is not, perhaps, by itself, a sufficient handbook to the subject for anybody. But then, as we said at the beginning, hardly any book can be that, in such a case. There are those who may desiderate a somewhat fuller and more definite presentation of the facts in some parts of the book, and others who may think that more individual, personal, sharply vignetted, criticisms should have been given. But it is a survey of the whole of French literature, made by one who has already approved himself a master in dealing with the most important parts, who is sober in judgment, well stored with reading for purposes of information and comparison, a practised teacher, and in no way an extremist. Such a book cannot but be a welcome addition to the literature of the subject, and it is.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

Philip IV. as a Young Man.
From a contemporary portrait in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye.
(Reproduced from "The Court of Philip IV." by kind permission of Mr. Eveleigh Nash.)

A MODEL OF VELAZQUEZ.*

There was once a king denominated "the Great" by his courtiers after certain warriors had won a victory for him. Under the patronage of this king lived and flourished a painter whom nobody thought of calling "the Great," though *his* triumphs were won with his own right hand. King and painter both died, and several hundred years passed by. The high and puissant monarch was then found to be living in fame because he had served as a model for the painter. Here is a disquieting thought for the high and puissant millionaire of to-day: a century or two hence he may be forgotten unless he be preserved on canvas. A still more disquieting thought: if he can discover a painter big enough, his weaknesses as well as his virtues will be revealed to the eyes of generations unswayed by the potency of his millions.

It may be a bold statement, because Philip IV. occupies a conspicuous place in Spanish history, yet I venture it with confidence: to us Englishmen he, the great and magnificent, is known simply and solely from his portraits in the National Gallery and elsewhere. Velazquez has rescued him from oblivion; mercilessly fixed his features in human memory for as long as paint shall endure. To the courtiers this king presented a mask: it was a tradition of the throne that the royal countenance should be immobile. Velazquez, little thinking what a poor courtier he thereby proved himself, penetrated beyond the mask to the man—to the man's very soul, in its weakness, its perplexity, its dependence, its superstition.

Major Martin Hume is fortunate above most historians in having as the frontispiece to his book such a portrait as that of "Philip Old" from the National Gallery. Every sentence he has written, so far as it concerns the king, is but a comment on the lines of that perfect picture. He tells us no essential fact of the man's character that Velazquez has not told there. He interprets, and we recognise that the interpretation is just. The contemporary papers, searched and transcribed by the author during "many laborious months in archives and libraries at home and abroad," relate the same story as the artist's brush—the story of a man who meant well and tried to be good, but found the flesh too strong and the will and brain too weak.

The record, whether written or painted, calls for our pity. Philip's task—the high destiny to which he was born, some might prefer to say—was no easy one. Spain was in a decline. She held her head high among the nations while her people starved. Her armies marched over Europe: misery and debauchery ruled in her own streets. Fighting for the predominance

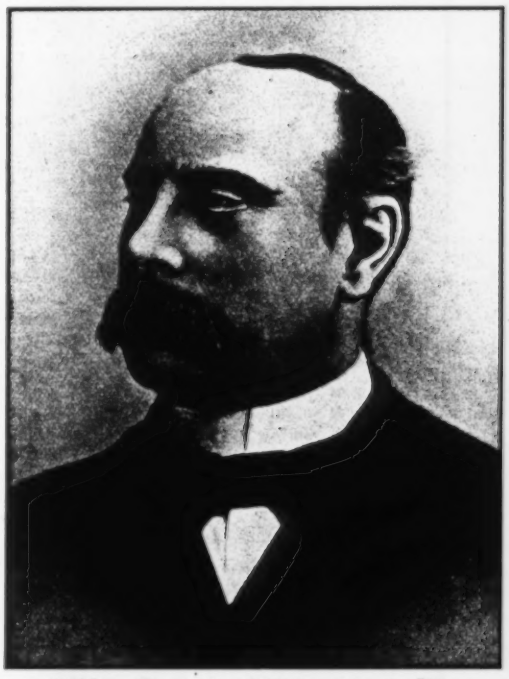
* "The Court of Philip IV.: Spain in Decadence." By Martin Hume. 18s. net. (Eveleigh Nash.)

of the Catholic faith, she forgot religion, which begins at home. The folly is very plain now to those who care to study it, but Philip and his ministers either did not or would not understand that they were assisting a "prodigious national imposture"—the imposture, as Major Hume puts it, "that had enabled Spain, aided by the rivalries between other nations, to dominate the world for a century by moral force unsupported by any proportionate material power." The moral force, by the way, largely consisted of the skill with which ministers manipulated that balance of power still the mischievous refuge of rulers possessed of guile and no arms. Major Hume makes it beautifully clear how England was bewitched by Olivares, Philip's insistent counsellor; and in the demonstration presents us with an unlovely sketch of the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles I.) and the Duke of Buckingham—King James's own "Baby" and "Steenie"—dangling round the Spanish Court for a Spanish match which never was and never could, in the then nature of things, be accomplished. What a sight for the ironic deities—what a subject for ironic humanities—that ot the proud duke, the pious prince, and the foolish king hoping against hope, intriguing against Olivares, for a marriage only to be arranged by Protestant England turning Catholic! Such was the condition, and the fact that, in spite of it, Prince Charles was persistent in his amorous devotion may throw some light, if light be needed, on his own subsequent follies, when Divine Right became his mistress and Cromwell his master.

But politics and diplomacies, kings and counsellors, do not make the chief interest of Major Hume's book, interesting as they are. He had intended, he says, to write a "universal history of the period of Spain's decline," but, on being told that "the sympathetic public in England and the United States . . . wanted to know and understand . . . more about the human beings who personified the events of history than about the plans of the battles they fought," he determined to present "a series of pictures chronologically arranged of the life and surroundings of that monarch with the long, tragic, uncanny face, whose impassive mask and the raging soul within the greatest portrait painter of all time limned with merciless fidelity from the king's callow youth to his sin-seared age." These surroundings are drawn in with an infinity of detail, which enables us to appreciate the brutality and wit, the splendour and poverty, the wickedness and the remnant of true religion among the enormities of formalism, significant of a decadent society. We hear much of the sumptuary laws and the drastic but ineffectual methods of restoring decency to the squalid streets of Madrid. We are enabled to realise the round of amusements by which the Court diverted itself what time the country was going fast to the dogs—the bull fights, the comedies, equestrian shows, Church spectacles, and those rarer and more especial treats, the burning of heretics under the supervision of Holy Inquisition. Philip himself was a lavish patron of the drama. The extent of his demand for novelty affords a hint at the underlying causes of the enormous production of men like Lope de Vega and Calderon. Oftentimes one has marvelled at their fertility. How many hundred or thousand comedies is it that stand to the credit of Lope? An average brain cannot remember such hordes. Major Hume suggests the compulsion or encouragement to the writing, however, when he mentions that during a visit to the Duke of Medina Sidonia the king was gratified with a new comedy every day of his stay, and that in preparation for a sumptuous entertainment by the Countess of Olivares, the fertile Lope wrote a play in three days and Quevedo and Mendoza another in one day. If the demand creates the supply, we may cease to wonder that these authors were prolific. Long runs were not the fashion then, and play-writers had a chance—but small fees.

A word on the fashions. There is opportunity for a page of comment on Major Hume's researches alone. A single indication of the lengths men went must suffice. Quevedo, the satirist who spent his time in alternate honour and disgrace, wore "large, round, horn-framed spectacles." So did those of his fellows who wished to be fashionable. It was a craze. I prefer the single eye-glass of the dandies of our day. That, however, is only a matter of taste. One is scarcely more ridiculous than the other, worn for mere fashion's sake. The goggles were laid aside on young Louis XIV. coming to Spain to woo and wed in the company of his gay followers. An additional glory for Le Roi Soleil. He smashed Spanish goggles!

I hope I have praised this book in indicating the variety of its instruction and diversion. If not, let me add that it is an admirable book—the work of one who, knowing thoroughly what he is writing about, allows the knowledge to leak out in a multitude of unobtrusive ways—a book comparable to "Salambo" (strange as the allusion may seem) in the packed realistic detail of its pages. THOMAS LLOYD.



A New Portrait of Major Martin Hume.

Whose article on Mary Queen of Scots in last month's BOOKMAN has aroused so much interest, and whose new work, "The Court of Philip IV.," is reviewed on this page.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS THE ELDER.*

The elder Dumas has come upon hard times in his own country; modern French criticism is inclined to treat him with scant respect. To admire him greatly is to be guilty of something very like vulgarity of taste; he is dismissed as a novelist for the illiterate and a manufacturer of fiction, as a painter of interminable canvases giving but the superficial aspects of the history they affect to picture, as a master of "fake," voluble, facile, delighting in pomp and glitter and duels of wit and the clash of swords, but sadly deficient in the more profound knowledge of human nature, in really subtle analysis of character. All the more bewildering, then, to our Gallic neighbours has been the tradition of enthusiasm for Alexandre Dumas which prevailed among English writers and judges of fiction, almost unbroken during the nineteenth century. We are not quite so enamoured of Dumas in England to-day; his modern imitators have rather wearied us of the trappings of romance. Indeed, it is possible to trace in critical opinion a reaction against the former idolatry of Scott; Mr. Saintsbury still remains faithful to Sir Walter, but there are those who are beginning to find Scott's descriptions of scenery and historical digressions rather long and tedious. Whoever may be right on that point, it is a fact that English critics as a whole have always had a weakness for Dumas, and one of the most distinguished of their number, Mr. Andrew Lang, has never lost an occasion of sounding the great Alexandre's praises. Moreover, as Mr. Lang reminds us in the preface he has written for the first volume of Mrs. E. M. Waller's excellent translation of Dumas's Memoirs, both Thackeray and Stevenson were among the French romancer's most worshipful eulogists. Quite apart from the question as to whether

* "My Memoirs." By Alexandre Dumas. Vol. I. 6s. (Methuen.)

Mr. Lang's opinion of Dumas or that of the novelist's modern French censors has the more justification, an interesting problem is raised by the different attitude taken by an ordinary cultivated Englishman and a similarly equipped Frenchman towards the cycle of "The Three Musqueteers." Dumas is still probably the most widely read of French novelists in this country, even among people of taste; in France it seems to be a mark of eclecticism to despise him. What can be the explanation? Do Englishmen feel a natural affinity towards Dumas, not merely because he is a romantic and their own literature has had a romantic bias, but also because they recognise in Dumas that tendency to the expression of individualism and even eccentricity which is one of the chief characteristics of English literature? And is the modern Frenchman's objection to Dumas and his fellow-romantics based not so much on the fact that they represent a revolt against the national instinct for logicality, severity of form, submission to rule, as that they conflict with the practical and social character, as M. Brunetière styles it, of France's genius and literature? Is Alexandre Dumas's talent, in other words, not essentially Gallic?

That the "Musqueteers" trilogy, the Valois cycle of romances and "Monte Cristo," to take the best of Dumas's works, contain a vast amount of sawdust and padding and fustian and claptrap, that their characters act from melodramatic motives, and that the stories are full of mechanical trickery, it is impossible to deny, any more than that it is Dumas's influence which is responsible for the loads of pseudo-romantic trash with which our circulating libraries are burdened to-day. But Dumas differs from his modern disciples in the possession of that all-essential quality—exuberance of spirits. He has the power to put his own superabundant vitality into his romances, and he has got the gift of never-failing improvisation. That faculty of never growing tired himself, and rarely tiring his reader, of being able to go on and on spinning his yarns and never slackening in vivacity—this, rather than his instinct for the picturesque, or even his delight in virility, is what wins him the affection of his readers. It is curious that with such unflagging energy he should from his very first efforts at authorship have sought and seemingly needed collaborators. Many foolish legends have gained currency about his literary workshop, in which the master is supposed to have taken credit for the labours really performed by his apprentices. But it is certainly true that he allowed colleagues to map out his plots for him and even (Maquet, for instance) to bring him ideas. Still his was the inspiration that put life into their journeymen's work, his the gaiety and fertile invention which now keeps the reader entertained or intrigued. Mr. Lang has an interesting explanation of Dumas's dependence on collaboration: —

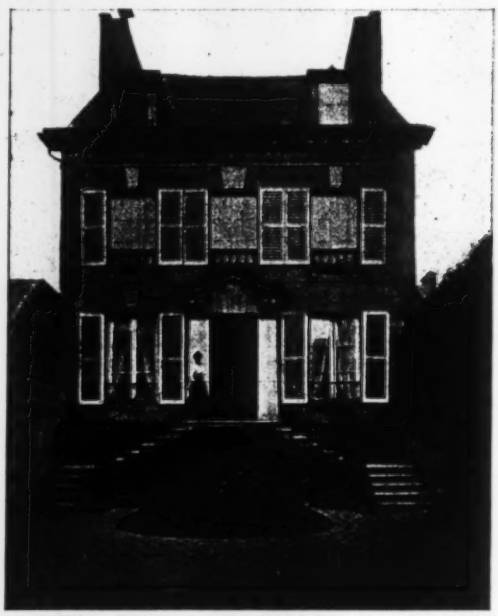
"Just as Burns usually needed a keynote to be struck for him by an old song, or a poem of young Fergusson's—by a predecessor of some sort—so Dumas appears to have needed companionship in composition. It is a curious mental phenomenon, for he had more ideas than anyone else. He could master a subject more rapidly for his purposes than anyone else, yet he required companionship, contact with other minds engaged on the same theme. I am apt to think that this was the result of the pre-eminently social nature of Dumas. Charles II., as we learn from Lord Ailesbury's Memoirs, could not bear to be alone, and must have Harry Killigrew to make him laugh, even on occasions when privacy is courted by mankind. Most people like to write alone; not so Dumas. . . .

"But what did Maquet do? He may have made—he did make—'researches.' Heaven knows that they were not very deep. Perhaps he discovered that Newcastle is on the Tweed, and that the Scottish army which—shall we say did not adhere to Charles I.?—largely consisted of Highlanders. Perhaps he suggested that Charles I. might want to hear a Mass on the eve of his execution. Perhaps he depicted jolly Charles II. as *un beau ténébreux* in the 'Vicomte de Bragelonne.' I think that there I find the hand of Maquet. Whatever he did, Marquet did something. I suggest that he made these remarkable researches, that he listened while Dumas talked, that he 'made objections' (as the *père* invited the *fils* to do), that sometimes he 'blocked out' a chapter, which Dumas took and made into a new thing, or left standing, like that deplorable Charles II. at Blois. On the whole, I conceive that (as regards the great novels) Maquet satisfied Dumas's need of companionship, that he was to the man of genius what Harry Kelligrew was to the actual Charles II."

Those who know their Andrew Lang will recognise in this quotation his characteristically sly humour and allusive, digressive style.

However much—or little—assistance Dumas required in the shaping of his novels, it is quite certain that he wrote his "Memoirs" without the support of a collaborator, and yet, as Mr. Lang puts it, they contain "all the humour, the goodness of heart, the overflowing joy in life which make the charm of his novels." Dumas's autobiography, which stops short before the period of his most noteworthy literary achievements (1844-50), presents its hero rather as the man he would like to have been than the man he was. It has a pretty way of handling facts as though they were the materials for a romance and could be touched up for the sake of artistic effect. Still it is not Dumas himself who is the hero of the first of the promised six volumes of these memoirs. Instead, it is Dumas's father, the mulatto son of a French Marquis, who was a Porthos of real life, and as a Republican general had one or two brushes with Napoleon. The novelist's father, it would appear, was a man of gigantic strength. He could, when passing under a big wooden beam on horseback, clasp the beam with his arms and lift his steed between his legs from off the ground. He it was who, when storming Mont Cenis, found the way of his regiment blocked by a palisade, threw his men one by one over the obstruction—to save time—and then clambered over himself. He, because he tried to check the atrocities of the Revolution, was known as Monsieur de l'Humanité; he, too, outfaced Bonaparte and refused to follow the great conqueror in Egypt because his aims were those less of French aggrandisement than of personal ambition. How far the son's portrait of his father, who died when Alexandre was but four years old, can be taken for approximately true, is a nice point. It is almost certain that Dumas romanced about his father's origin, and converted him from a "natural" into a legitimate son of the Marquis de la Pailleterie; it is evident that the novelist embroidered the details of his own career. So that one has a natural hesitation about accepting all the exploits of the General, as though he had been a real rival of Napoleon; one doubts—the remark is so "well found"—whether the General ever said, on Bonaparte being proclaimed Emperor, "Only to think I had him in my arms and had the chance of strangling him!" And yet even Dumas himself is too much of a novelist to deny that his father had the "Creole's characteristics—nonchalance, impetuosity, changeableness"—that he had no sooner secured his heart's desires than he conceived a disgust for them. Dumas himself saw Napoleon once, or rather twice, just before and after Waterloo, *à propos* of which, by the way, the novelist persists in asserting that the British suffered defeat till Blucher arrived. It was, he says of Napoleon, after Waterloo, "just the same pale, sickly, impassive face, but his head was bent a little more forward to his chest."

Dumas's account of his own youth is one of the most



The Birthplace of Alexandre Dumas (Villers-Cotterets).

(Reproduced from "My Memoirs." By Alexandre Dumas, by kind permission of Messrs. Methuen and Co.)

delightful things in—shall one say?—fiction. The boy's fondness for poaching and love of sport are very happily described. But oh, what sport! Shooting dazed larks and tame hares and regarding these as game! Why, it was Dumas who shot a trout in the Lake of Zug! Well told, too, is the boy's story of his making his way to Paris and managing in quite marvellous fashion to obtain the acquaintance of all the leading authors and actresses of Paris. For Dumas was to try the theatre first, and to anticipate "Hernani" with "Henri III. et sa Cour." And he was to write, prompted by Scott, the whole series of his novels, the best of them all done within six years. And he was to have his succession of amours, in regard to which his morality, as Mr. Lang insists, was that of the camp or of the theatre. And he was to found his school of collaborators, and to build his "Monte Cristo" country house, to be beset by sordid, sponging guests. And he was to throw money away over the "Theâtre Historique" and the "Mousquétaire" newspaper. And he was to edit a Liberal journal in Naples, and act as director of Pompeian excavations. And he was to die in 1870, just after Sedan, carefully guarded by his son from all knowledge of his country's disaster. But here we are passing far beyond the limits of the first volume of the Memoirs, which shows the quadroon's vanity and literary ambitions and generous nature at a very early stage. F. G. BETTANY.

THE MAN PAYS.*

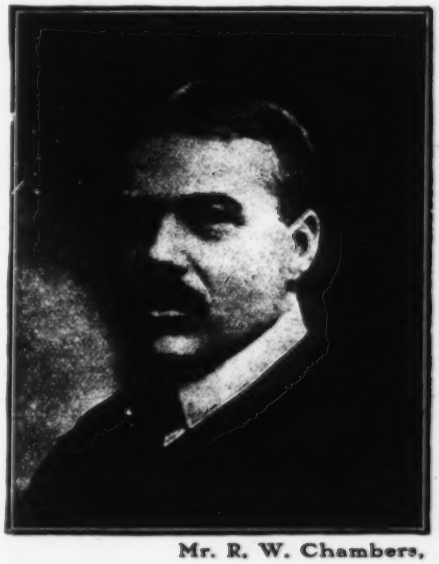
Of Mr. R. W. Chambers's recent books, "The Tracer of Lost Persons" was certainly below his average; "A Fighting Chance" was not above it; but "The Younger Set" is equal to the best he has ever given us, or, if anything, better. It is a story that handles the eternal question of the relations between man and wife; of the extent to which, in a moral or chivalrous sense, the laws of divorce can relieve either from his or her responsibilities towards the other; it handles the old vexed question with a great deal of freshness and poignancy, and fashions round it a story of surpassing interest.

Philip Selwyn is almost an ideal man. He had married Alixe after a very short acquaintance; there had been some weeks or months of perfect happiness, then they seemed to drift curiously apart. They did not understand each other; did not really know each other; and whilst they were thus fretting their hearts out, thinking they had made a big and irrevocable mistake, comes the unscrupulous, unspeakably currish Jack Ruthven to offer her companionship and sympathy, and in a moment of madness she is persuaded to elope with him. Philip knew then that he had loved her, made excuses for her—he should have been more patient, more tolerant, and by degrees they would have come to an understanding of each other, and their first love would have returned to them—he blamed himself, resigned his commission in the Army, because of the scandal, and thought only of how he might make things easiest and best for her.

"I'll tell you what sort of a man Philip Selwyn is," says his simple, genial brother-in-law, Austin Gerard, explaining the position to his spendthrift ward, Gerald Erroll. "He permitted Alixe to sue him for absolute divorce—and, to give her every chance to marry Ruthven, he refused to defend the suit. That sort of chivalry is very picturesque, no doubt, but it cost him his career—set him adrift at thirty-five, a man branded as having been divorced from his wife for cause, with no profession left him, no business, not much money—a man in the prime of life and hope and ambition, clean in thought and deed; an upright, just, generous, sensitive man, whose whole career has been blasted because he was too merciful, too generous to throw the blame where it belonged."

Arrived in New York, Philip is persuaded or coerced into making his home with his sister and his brother-in-law, and also under their hospitable roof—in addition to their own large family, divers juvenile members of which Mr. Chambers describes and shows in action with delightful truthfulness and humour—lives Eileen Erroll, the younger sister of Gerald. A beautiful girl of a winsome and almost childlike innocence and sincerity, she is attracted to Philip from the moment of their meeting, but insists that she does not love him, and is slow to realise that she does. On his part, he

* "The Younger Set." By R. W. Chambers. 6s. (Constable.)



Mr. R. W. Chambers,
Author of "The Younger Set."
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.)

does not feel free to marry, for he cannot feel that the law is able to release and absolve him from his responsibilities towards the woman he had made his wife. He is keenly susceptible to Eileen's charm, and is shrinkingly glad of her friendship, and when it seems possible that he will fling his chivalrous notions to the winds and take the happiness that might be his, the intervention of his divorced wife prevents him.

He has been embarrassed from time to time by meeting her in society; then she calls at the flat into which he has lately removed to let him know how she regrets the past, and how wretched she is with the rascally, card-sharping little cad who is now her husband; and though Philip discourages these visits and the correspondence in which she involves him, and for her own sake holds her honourably at a distance, rumours of her indiscretion get abroad and smirch him as well as her. Presently, she is taken with an hereditary mental trouble, sinks into harmless imbecility, and plays with dolls like a child, and then, when there is talk of Ruthven divorcing her, since she can no longer serve him as a decoy, Philip visits him with a revolver and warns him that if any such proceedings are taken there will be one rogue the less in the world the day after they commence; and learning that Alixe talks of him and has forgotten all the period since she left him, he risks his hopes with Eileen and goes to the other woman in her affliction and sees that she is cared for, and tends her to the end.

It is a book of marked ability and power, and a little compression would have made an even stronger and more effective piece of work of it. Mr. Chambers makes no attempt to curtail his conversations or his letters; they run on to great lengths, and though they are always so easily written, so light and bright and thoroughly readable that you do not always realise how long they are, they attenuate the story. He can condense his narrative when he will, and at the end of Chapter IV., where Alixe is seated in Philip's flat, and is startled by a sudden loud rapping at the door and you do not know who came in, or whether anybody came in, until a casual reference in the next chapter tells you perfectly, he does it to such excellent purpose that you regret he did not do it oftener. A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK.

ENGLISH CHARM.*

Mr. Raymond's is the art which conceals art. When we read him it is his charm that we are aware of, first and chiefly. This is equally true of his short stories and sketches, such as we find in "Gossip Corner" and "The Book of Crafts and Character," as of the novel, "Jacob and John," which he published last year; and this charm, we

* "Gossip Corner." By Walter Raymond. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

may say incidentally, gives to his work as a whole an individuality which impresses us more perhaps than its force and range entirely justify. We are not aware of any development in it—and possibly there is not any; but it is no proof that there is none that its author does not advertise it. He is no more concerned to display his own cleverness, or depth, or subtlety, or anything about himself, than he is to flatter any superior sense or feeling for the recondite in his readers. We might label his method as the "legitimate." The fact (if it is a fact) that it comes by the labour which produces easy writing takes nothing from his naturalness. His stories *are* natural, that is their charm, and we accept them as simply and as little curiously as we should a flower.

Partly this is due to their subject—and here we touch another constant element in them. The English landscape, with its level warmth and comfortableness, is wholesomely sweet, and so the English character is, or was, and will be again, when it throws off its intellectual sloth, and recovers its grip on very simple, very unquixotic, but very firmly defined principles, with the finer intelligence that comes of steadfast adherence to principles. Now it is an unspoiled England that Mr. Raymond pictures with a delicacy that we associate with the English art of water-colour: here is Honeycombe, and here is the scene of all his stories. Their characters and landscape are typical of conditions beyond themselves. We cannot say how it is indicated, but we are well aware that a larger, more complicated, farther-reaching life lies all around them. We are made to feel that it is only an accident that the author's eye is fixed upon the rustics; and their life as he depicts it makes on us an impression in consequence of modesty and generousness, and freedom from the self-assertive particularity which (admirable if unlovely and unlovable quality as that is) gives a more local colour to descriptions of corresponding conditions farther North. His may be an ideal and sentimental picture—but there it is; and, as a matter of knowledge, a man cannot paint a picture such as this unless it is based on some reality.

If, then, the charm and fragrance of these stories are the charm and fragrance of Somerset, that is only to say how fitting a correspondence there is between Mr. Raymond's matter and manner. His tact never fails him—neither his tact nor his humour. It is not enough to say that he is an optimist. He is positively sunny; not fiercely, but in a mellow way. And his artfulness is such that we might easily be misled into thinking his pages transcripts from actual conversations and his characters close studies from the life. Of course, they are not. The Somerset peasant does not any more than peasants elsewhere reveal himself in literary material, and if the life of any of them did shape itself in story form, the expert novelist would be shy of adopting it. Nothing hampers the story-teller more than founding on fact. Mr. Raymond has observation, of course, but observation is the handmaid of invention, and it is his inventiveness that surprises us when we probe beneath his charm to discover the bones which it covers. We are not claiming for his work a great sweep of imagination. We are not indeed claiming anything great for it, but only that in its particular *genre* and on its own scale it is as perfect as any that is being produced among us to-day.

THE WISDOM OF THE WISE.*

It was no easy task to follow Jowett as Master of Balliol. It might have been made easier for Dr. Caird by the fact that he was a layman, and so could avoid competition with his predecessor in one particular. Jowett's sermons in the College chapel had no distinctive savour of the pulpit, and he himself had as little part in the characteristic qualities and defects of the preacher; but his peculiar influence owed something to those discourses, to their curiously penetrating charm, their force of personality expressed in a wholly impersonal note. Dr. Caird might have thought it well to open his mind in a different fashion. But he did not so understand his duty; he possibly thought that for a Scotsman to lose an opportunity of preaching was a thing intolerable. Green had made a precedent which he developed. A scruple which is not quite intelligible prevented him from preaching in the chapel, but he found a larger, and acoustically better, place of meeting in the Hall. It is probable that all his sermons were worth preserving; twelve of them are now published in a volume gracefully dedicated to his successor in title.

Mr. Gladstone said on one occasion that an Italian preacher addressed himself to his audience, an English preacher to his subject. If the distinction be exhaustive, these sermons must be considered, in the main, Italian, with lapses into the English manner. There are tracts of dry and abstract speculation on subjects like courage and the ethics of patriotism; discourses on the jubilee and the death of Queen Victoria are inevitably full of topics; but for the most part the volume is filled with very direct talking to the young men assembled. The College is always in evidence, its corporate life, its laws of comradeship, its bountiful gifts to the individual, its claims upon his consciousness of duty. A sour critic might even suggest that more is advanced on this head than is needed by most Balliol men, who are not apt to undervalue their calling and election. The Master did not, however, mistake his little pool for the great ocean, and was on the watch for the gusts which so easily disturb its rather shallow waters; a thought of the time when these sermons were delivered will account for the frequent mention of Tolstoi; an accurate knowledge of the undergraduate heart dictated his warning against a supposed inevitability of thought:—

> "The spiritual life of man cannot, I believe, detach itself from its religious root without withering and decaying; but neither can it continue to exist without growing. Neither Scripture nor reason gives any encouragement to such a desperate alternative between 'all' and 'nothing,' between Agnosticism and a faith which is fixed once for all, and has no possibility of growth."

Note the wisdom of that "I believe." It might seem possible for this man, from the maturity of his experience, to speak positively on such a subject to the young explorers before him; but he knew how instinctively they would reject any such assurance. *Experto credite* is the utmost that he will say, and that without the note of dictation; he will give them the benefit of his experience, but he knows that they will insist on buying their own. Elsewhere he makes a very direct appeal to youthful generosity when he comments on the prolonged courage of Evelyn Abbott, striking a note which has poignant meaning for some of us older men. Altogether, I would say that a rich maturity is the strength of these sermons. Some preaching is strong in the wisdom of the simple; here is oratory of another sort.

T. A. LACEY.

* "Lay Sermons and Addresses, delivered in the Hall of Balliol College, Oxford." By Edward Caird, LL.D., D.C.L., late Master. 6s. net. (Glasgow: Maclehose.)

Novel Notes.

THE FASHIONABLE CHRISTIANS. By Vincent Brown. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

As the title would suggest to the least experienced reader, this novel is a bright satire upon the worldly religion of modern life. A sincere, outspoken clergyman gets appointed to the living of St. George's, Luscombe Square, and the irruption of this zealous, uncompromising spirit into the waters of conventional city Christianity stirs the pool vigorously. The clergyman has a brother, whose relations to a woman are suddenly lifted into prominence, and besides him the various women and men of the flock are sorely disturbed. Mr. Brown has sketched these with a cruel pleasure, from Professor Duppa, the Oxford Laodicean cleric, to Miss Clara Pollicutt, the "Providence-ordering" novelist, who, "when she was not lost in a beatific vision of herself, was screaming and scratching at large." The book is full of such quick, stinging descriptions, sometimes too exaggerated to be convincing. Mr. Brown has let his pen run off with him now and again. But the field for such satire is so wide and close, that one can understand and almost forgive his temptation to excess. Poor Mr. Kermond's difficulties form the staple of the story, and he dies before the book is done. The sons of Zerniah are too much for him. But his influence is not entirely wasted, and this aspect of the situation relieves the satire and tragedy of the novel. Work of this kind in fiction, in order to be first-rate, requires

a lighter hand than Mr. Brown's; he has not produced the artistic effect of "The New Republic" or "Number 5, John Street." But the vigour and keenness of his pages are unquestionable, and it is only right to add that the book is by no means a pamphlet in disguise. The power of money in the Church of England is perhaps too obvious to make any attack upon it liable to the suspicion of sectarian animus.

THESE THREE. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

A father who names his three daughters Faith, Hope, and Charity is a criminal offender, especially when he dies leaving them to carry on a farm upon little more capital than the virtues of their names. Mrs. Reynolds tells the story of the three women in a quiet, pleasant fashion. Occasionally the style is forced and high, as when she remarks: "Hardly a day passed but what his white young form, fair to see when denuded of its clumsy symbols of civilisation, clove river or lake, to emerge like a young sun-god fresh and pure." This is a round-about way of observing that a country-lad was fond of bathing. But the characters of the women, with their domestic heroism, their little ambitions, and their worldly troubles, are prettily sketched. Mrs. Reynolds has got the right air of placid homeliness into her pages, and the book is artistically a unity, very pleasing to read.

THE POWER OF THE KEYS. By Sydney C. Grier. 6s. (Blackwood and Sons.)

"Mr." Grier's novels have now attained the distinction of being grouped into a "Modern East" series, a "Balkan," and an "Indian Historical." His latest romance is placed in the stormy zone of British India, on the borders of Central Asia. Here the ordinary complications arise: local disputes bursting into a crisis, British pluck in the field and apathy at home, involving the fortunes of some loyal British women and men upon the spot. Mr. Grier makes excellent capital out of the local rivalry of the Hercynians and Scythians, but better still are the figures of Sister Janie, the missionary, of Eleanor, and of Arbuthnot. These are drawn in the author's best style. He looks at things frankly from an Imperialist standpoint. "Would the average Briton realise that holding the keys of empire was not a summer day's pastime, nor a charge to be delegated to a few men at a distance, but a trust the burden of which must be borne by every man and woman in the country?" This philosophy of empire leads the writer, like most of his class, into descriptions of home politicians which are the least convincing of his pages. But, apart from this defect, the story moves with plenty of thrill and energy, threads of love and war intermingling, and hazards to life and honour scattered broadcast.

THE MYSTERY OF LADY ISOBEL. By E. R. Punshon. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Lady Isobel Gower-Dering was an unfortunate damsel. She was changed at birth for her cousin, and later on in life an actor, given to female parts, could successfully personate her. The complications which follow from these untoward events form the plot of this exciting novel, which opens with a murder and a motor-car. But this time the car is not responsible for the murder. Things look black for the lady at first. Suspicions of murder come too near her reputation for the peace of mind of her lover, and these are worked out in the usual style. Thrill succeeds thrill. But eventually—well, the reader knows the end of such plots. Before he reaches his destination, he will be surprised and interested, however. The writer knows how to keep the excitement hot, and no part of the story drags.

THE FRAUD. By Mrs. Coulson Kernahan. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Mr. David Belair is a popular novelist, whose novels are written by his high-minded secretary, Danvers, and the plot of the story concerns the relations between Belair's pretty wife and her husband's secretary. Belair is a thorough fraud, who has grown ashamed of his parents and his early love. He has married for money, and cynically told his wife of his literary methods. This revelation, accompanied by an equally unblushing exposure of his relations with an aristocratic lady, repel Harriet entirely, and at the same time Danvers appeals to her by his integrity and unselfishness of character. It is a situation of some nicety, and we are not going to give away the authoress by revealing the outcome of the story. The book is pleasantly written. Miss Alcott and the minor characters furnish a welcome relief to the ugliness of Belair, and the account of the latter's misdoings is not spun out into unreality. Mrs. Kernahan has written a fresh and interesting tale. If the end of it is obvious, it is at any rate pleasing, and the authoress has resisted the natural temptations to be sentimental or sensational.

THE CHATEAU BY THE LAKE. By Amy Le Feuvre. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Miss Le Feuvre's knack of story-telling has not deserted her in the composition of this novel. The main events take place in Switzerland, and there is an ingenious combination of religious feeling, love-making, and sensation. Norah's engagement to Major Roger Randolph threatens to prove a dismal failure, but the clouds blow past, and eventually the pair are united, after sore misunderstanding. The subordinate characters play their parts brightly. Miss Le Feuvre makes some of them talk too much, and sometimes, if we may hint at a defect of virtue, the conversation is rather "improving." But the novel is thoroughly interesting and brightly conceived.

THE GOLD IN THE GUTTER By Charles Garvice. 6s. (Hutchinson and Co.)

Mr. Clive Harvey, a Radical M.P. of aristocratic birth, finds himself engaged to an aristocratic lady while his heart is engaged to a girl whom he has met singing in the street. This girl, he is led to believe, rejects his honourable proposal of marriage, but before her rival secures Harvey at the altar, the mistake is cleared up, after a series of sensational adventures, in which an anarchist and an Indian ayah figure prominently. The story is pleasantly told, unexceptional in tone, and thoroughly interesting. It has one or two good anecdotes here and there. Perhaps the best is that of a man at a music-hall singing, "Will they miss me?" A man at the back of the audience at last yelled out, "Give me a gun, and see if I miss yer!" Another tale is of a tipsy cabman being treated to the sobering mixture of a very small whisky and a large soda. "If you was to order a sponge and a piece of soap as well, guv'nor, I might have a bath!" The love-interest is, as usual, prominent in Mr. Garvice's pages, and the minor characters are more real than the political.

THE SCOUNDREL. By Ernest Oldmeadow. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

Very nearly every lesson in how *not* to write a novel might be fully illustrated from Mr. Oldmeadow's new work. Its one merit is that the story is readable; a strange mixture of unexpected turns and twists—a plot to be galloped through for curiosity's sake, and then forgotten. While Lionel Barrison, a young, unlearned, wealthy antiquary, is living in a bungalow near some excavations, Canuto, who may or may not be a scoundrel, comes and borrows money of him, leaving as security a fine specimen of Italian waxwork, a recumbent statue, cased in ice, of "Fame Asleep." He also leaves directions how, by a powder and certain potions, to revive the lovely waxen lady into a young Frenchwoman who has lost her memory in the most convenient manner possible, and who possesses a quite astonishing combination of *savoir faire* and innocence, beauty and domesticity. True love mounts the motor-car and flees, for it soon becomes Lionel's chief object to prevent the apparently ill-used lady from falling back into the hands of the clever scoundrel who . . . But, indeed, it requires nothing short of the book itself to unravel anything so far-fetched as Canuto's life and motives. The love-making, a good deal of the dialogue, and not a little of the descriptive writing are as high-falutin as a third-rate historical novel, although the action takes place in the *Now*, with a background of drapery emporiums, religious controversy and Tariff Reform. The characterisation bears small relation to real life, or to consistent fantasy either. The story is a mixture of the wildly improbable and the farcically possible, imperfectly fused together. So far as the book appears to have any meaning at all, it might be described as an intermittent satire on the young Englishman (gentle-man, of course), eulogy of him being implied. The moral of the book seems to be: that the said chivalrous, comfort-loving young Englishman is the best husband in Europe provided you make his courtship bothersome enough to stir him up. Let the lady, however, know how to cook.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. CHATTO AND WINDUS.

Daphne (3s. 6d.), by Margaret Sherwood, is a book with a glamour. In it may be found the sun of Italy and the alert simplicity of America. Daphne is sister of the young Countess Accolanti, and she comes to stay at the Villa Accolanti, a little way from Rome. But the Countess and her husband have been called away, and Daphne finds an empty house, except for the servants, and she knows no word of the Italian language. The old butler and his wife are charmed with the young American girl, and take her into their protecting care. And the story is the story of the glamorous weeks which follow—during which Daphne wanders about the classic land and meets Apollo—handsome, happy Apollo, who also wanders over the Italian hills, and at one time guards the sheep for a sick shepherd. The pretty love-story is told with much delicate skill. There is just a moment when we wonder if it is all to end in greyness. But Apollo and the sunshine are powerful. The rainy days pass, the vintage passes, the lover in America passes also, so to speak, and high up on the beautiful mountain Apollo and Daphne found happiness.

MR. JOHN MURRAY.

Why does anyone endure an ugly house? is the question which forms in the mind as soon as Mr. C. Orlando Law's volume, **House Decoration and Repairs** (6s. net), has been read. This is *not* a book telling about various periods and the decorative style of them. It is a "practical treatise" dealing with every part of a house, big or small, and giving instructions not only on the subject of making houses beautiful, but telling the way to do it, how much the materials will cost, and where to get them. We have not before come across such a bookful of suggestion and help as this. Panelling, colouring, the conversion of the inevitable four-panelled door into a thing of beauty, the possibilities of mouldings and timberings, schemes for ceilings—everything from the beams to the floors, every room from the drawing-room to the scullery, all details from the colour of a frieze to the cure of a smoky chimney—each and all are treated of here. Let anyone who is "house-proud" get this book; it is one to stir a fever of beautifying in anyone who is not a roving vagabond.

MESSRS. METHUEN AND CO.

Young parents, and all who are amused at young parents, will find Mr. Philip Carmichael's volume, **All About Philippine** (2s. 6d.), the right story to take up in that hour which defies all method, the hour which comes midway between tea and dinner. Mr. Carmichael smiles quite pleasantly the old smiles over the new mother's fond importance on the subject of her first-born; over her distracting way of breaking in upon her husband's work hours, and over the time and manner she uses in selecting a perambulator. But he does more than this; for he smiles over the weaknesses of the sensible, practical new father, over his self-deceptions and pride, over his questionings and his decision, after cold, impartial argument, that to him, the father, the baby Philippine *is* the most wonderful baby in the world. Fifteen chapters tell of her arrival, of her mother, of her food, of her finances, of her first tooth (a short chapter, this), of her first journey, of her ways and mysteries; in fact, of her wonderfulness generally. And two charming little poems begin and end the book.

MR. JOHN LANE.

Mr. John Lane's "Practical Handbooks" are recognised as volumes to be procured when any definite side of gardening is contemplated. The new volume is an interesting digression upon a new line, for it deals with the garden produce after it has been cultivated; it is, in fact, **The Book of Fruit Bottling**, by Miss Edith Bradley and Miss May Crooke (2s. 6d. net), and it contains recipes and instructions which make us envy the friends and relatives of these ladies, and wish with all sincerity more power to their elbows. Practical the volume certainly is, and it is also inspiring. Good housewives who read it will wish that spring were coming instead of winter. Such books as this will do more to bring back the old store-room of our grandmothers' days than all the prosecutions of "jam-makers" for selling stuff unfit for food. The volume should certainly stimulate the fruit-preserving industry.

MR. JOHN LANE.

In **Some Clerical Types** (2s. 6d. net) Mr. John Kendal gives thirty amusing "portraits" of our clergy, with short descriptive notes attached. He is never unkind in these notes, and not very unkind in the "portraits." The worst that the public can do is to turn the pages and exclaim, "Oh, that is so-and-so, *exactly!*" And even this worst is not very bad. But, from the Bishop to the curate, they are here.

MESSRS. SEELEY AND CO.

There is always room for a good "Reciter," and a most excellent volume, of quite aldermanic and generous proportions, has just been edited by Mr. Cairns James, Professor of Elocution. It is entitled, **The Golden Humorous Reciter** (3s. 6d.), and is packed not only with good things which have been written and ought to be told, but with things which are fresh and unhackneyed, as well as with some old favourites. The editor gives valuable hints to reciters in an amusing Introduction.

MR. T. WERNER LAURIE.

The ordinary streets of London will possess a new and vivid interest for anyone of an antiquarian turn of mind who reads Mr. W. J. Roberts's little book on **Some Old London Memorials** (2s. 6d. net). It tells of the hundred and one (and more) things which may meet the eye at any turn—an old door here, an antique pump there, a statue, a house, a carved sign, and many another old landmark still left on the face of this ever-changing city of ours. Mr. Roberts chronicles in an engaging, chatty style, and he has packed his information within so very few inches of pretty black and gold leather covers, that the little volume may be slipped into the pocket, and its possessor may feel that he has a real companion with him on a pleasant ramble. It is a sort of friendly wand pointing out to us some scores of memorials which we may be passing any day or every day, and have hitherto passed unnoticed. Curious illustrations complete the charm.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER AND CO.

Thanks are due to Mr. Horatio F. Brown and the publishers for this edition of John Addington Symonds's **Essays Speculative and Suggestive** (7s. 6d.), a volume which has long been out of print. Mr. Brown mentions in his Introduction that it was a book which Symonds took great pains over, and himself set great store by. Exhibiting well the unusual combination of academic reticence that Symonds derived from his education, and of the democratic enthusiasm with which the study of Whitman seems to have infected him, these essays, as their title very truly implies, contain some of his most suggestive thought—his application of evolutionary principles to art and literature, his notes on style, his speculations on the origin, psychology, and relativity of the arts, and his arresting views on the democratic art of the future. Though he was afraid he had given too free a vein to his fancy in the "Essays Speculative and Suggestive," it is not improbable that they will yet survive all his other contributions to literature, except perhaps the penetrating little work on Walt Whitman.

New Books and New Editions.

To more people than have themselves realised it, Walpole's **Castle of Otranto** is merely a known title, not a known book. This thrilling tale, which once delighted and excited Scott and Gray, may now be obtained in Messrs. Chatto and Windus's "King's Classics," a series of tastefully plain reprints of more or less inaccessible works of earlier periods. The present volume, which should be a most popular one, contains Scott's Introduction, and a fine and excellent portrait of Walpole as frontispiece.

Another classic of a different style is **The Peep of Day.** Most of us remember it best as a dumpy volume in limp brown covers, but the Religious Tract Society now issues it in larger, slimmer fashion in red, decorated covers, with eight coloured illustrations inside. The type is good and the pages are attractive, and we wish our old friend a new lease of life in its new dress. Its price is one shilling.

Messrs. Macmillan have re-issued their "Little Folks" Edition of **Alice's Adventures in Wonderland** (1s. net). This is the small volume for very small children; it is adapted to infant minds, is printed in bold type, and contains a selection from the original illustrations, and these are reproduced in colour. It is well that everyone should be introduced to "Alice," and this is her best guise for a very first introduction.

Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons have just issued two volumes of poetry in their famous Indian Paper Edition, which should be very popular, **Palgrave's Golden Treasury** and **Longfellow's Poems** (2s. net each). It is a pleasure merely to turn the leaves of this charming large-type series.

Josiah Wedgwood has an interest all his own, and Messrs. Seeley have republished Mr. A. H. Church's biography of this master-potter, in their Illustrated Pocket Library. The volume is handy, beautiful, practical, informative, and attractive in every way. It has numerous illustrations of Wedgwood's unique work, and costs but two shillings.

New Books of the Month.

SEPTEMBER 10TH TO OCTOBER 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

ABBOTT, EDWIN A.—Notes on New Testament Criticism. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Black)
BENNETT, W. H.—The Life of Christ According to St. Mark. 5s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
BLACK, HUGH.—Christ's Service of Love. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
BOUSSETT, PROFESSOR W.—What is Religion? 5s. net (Unwin)
CAIRD, EDWARD.—Lay Sermons and Addresses. 6s. net (Maclehose)
Christus Futurus. 5s. net ..... (Macmillan)
COBBOLD, REV. G. A.—Why I am an Anglo-Catholic. 1s. net (Mowbray)
DE BARY, RICHARD.—The Spiritual Return. 5s. net (Murray)
DICKIE, WM., D.D.—Life's Ideals. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)
DRURY, T. W.—Elevation in the Eucharist. 3s. 6d. net (Cambridge University Press)
Expository Times, Vol. XVIII. 7s. 6d. ..... (T. and T. Clark)
FORSYTH, REV. P. T.—Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
Golden Thoughts from the Gospels. 1s. and 2s. net ..... (Lane)
HORNE, C. SILVESTER.—The Ministry of the Modern Church. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Kingsgate Press)
MACALPINE, G. W.—The Arrested Progress of the Church. 1d. ..... (Kingsgate Press)

RANDOLPH, B. W.—Spiritual and Ascetic Letters of Savonarola. 1s. net ..... (Mowbray)
RIX, HERBERT—Rabbi, Messiah, Martyr. 1s. net (Philip Green)
SANDAY, CANON.—The Life of Christ in Recent Research. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Clarendon Press)
SCOTT, REV. W. MAJOR.—Aspects of Christian Mysticism. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Murray)
SHERWOOD, REV. H. M.—The Old Theology. 3s. 6d. (Stock)
WREDE, PROF. W.—Paul. 2s. net ..... (P. Green)
WRIGHT, G. FREDERICK.—Scientific Confirmations of Old Testament History. 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)

NEW EDITIONS.

FARRAR, DEAN.—The Life and Work of St. Paul. 2s. 6d. net (Cassell)
KEN, BISHOP.—The Practice of Divine Love. 1s. net (Mowbray)
TAYLOR, REV. R. B.—Ancient Hebrew Literature. 4 vols. 1s. net each ..... (Dent)
TRYNE, RALPH WALDO.—In Tune with the Infinite. 4s. 6d. net ..... (Bell)

FICTION.

ALMAZ, E. F.—Copper Under the Gold. 6s. ..... (Chatto)
ANDREWS, C.C.—The House of Murgatroyd. 6s. ... (Cassell)
BAILLIE-SAUNDERS, MRS.—A Shepherd of Kensington. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
BAK.—Outrageous Fortune. 4s. ..... (Heinemann)
BARING, MAX.—The Sheltered Idol. 6s. (Simpkin, Marshall)
BARR, ROBERT.—The Measure of the Rule. 6s. ...(Constable)
BENNETT, Arnold.—The City of Pleasure. 6s. ..... (Chatto)
BARTON, MARION T. D.—An Experiment in Perfection. 6s. (Cassell)
BOOTHBY, BEN.—The Centipede. 6s. ..... (Ward, Lock)
BOYLE, WILLIAM.—The Eloquent Dempsy. 1s. net (O'Donoghue)
BRADLY, G. F.—The Awakening of Bittlesham. 6s. (Smith, Elder)
BRAINERD, ELEANOR HOYT.—Bettina Beguiled. 3s. 6d. (Cassell)
BROWN, VINCENT.—The Fashionable Christians. 6s. (Chapman)
BURGIN, G. B.—Fanuela. 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
BULLEY, H. A.—Father Clement, Socialist. 6s. ...(Greening)
BURNETT, FRANCES HODGSON.—The Shutter. 6s. (Heinemann)
BURTON, J. BLOUNDELL.—A Woman from the Sea. 6s. (Nash)
CALTHROP, DION CLAYTON.—The Dance of Love. 6s. (Duckworth)
CARY, ROSA N.—The Angel of Forgiveness. 6s....(Macmillan)
CARMICHAEL, PHILIP.—All about Philippine. 2s. 6d. (Methuen)
CHAMBERS, R. W.—The Younger Set. 6s. ..... (Constable)
COLE, R. W.—The Death Trap. 6s. ..... (Greening)
COX, E. J.—The Forbidden Way. 6s. ..... (Griffiths)
CRAWFORD, F. MARION.—Arethusa. 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
CROCKETT, S. R.—Vida. 6s. ..... (J. Clarke)
DAWE, CARLTON.—The Plotters of Pekin. 6s. ..... (Nash)
DAWSON, A. J.—The Genteel A. B. 6s....(E. Grant Richards)
DEEPING, WARWICK.—The Slanderers. 6s. ..... (Cassell)
DONOVAN, DICK.—In the Queen's Service. 6s. ... (J. Long)
EDDY, CHARLES.—A Hole in the Coat. 6s. ..... (Cassell)
EUSTACE, ROBERT.—A Human Bacillus. 6s. ... (J. Long)
FARLEY, AGNES.—Ashdod. 6s. ..... (Chapman)
GALLICHAN, WALTER.—A Soul from the Pit. 6s. ... (Nutt)
GALLON, TOM.—Judy and the Philosophers. 6s. (Hutchinson)
GARVICE, CHARLES.—The Gold in the Gutter. 6s. (Hutchinson)
GERARD, MORICE.—Rose of Blenheim. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
GODKIN, G. S.—Captain Vivanti's Pursuit. 6s. ..... (Stock)
GOULD, NAT.—The Little Wonder. 2s. ..... (J. Long)
GRIER, SYDNEY.—The Power of the Keys. 6s. (Blackwood)
HALES, A. G.—A Fight for a Friend. 3s. 6d. ..... (Cassell)
HALES, A. G.—A Lindsay of the Dale. 6s. ..... (Unwin)
HART, J. WESLEY.—In the Iron Time. 6s. ..... (Culley)
HEWLETT, MAURICE.—The Stooping Lady. 6s. (Macmillan)
HODGSON, WILLIAM HOPE.—The Boats of the "Glen Carrig." 6s. ..... (Chapman)
HOPE, ANTHONY.—Tales of Two People. 6s. ..... (Methuen)
HOPE, ASCOTT R.—Dramas in Duodecimo. 5s. ..... (Black)
HOWARD, KEBLE.—The Jester's Widow. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
KAPPEY, F. E.—Hydromel and Rue. 5s. net ..... (Griffiths)
KASBECK.—His Highness Sandro. 4s. ..... (Heinemann)
KERNAHAN, MRS. COULSON.—The Fraud. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
LE FEUVRE, AMY.—The Château by the Lake. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
LEGGE, RONALD.—The Admirable Davis. 6s. .....(Cassell)
LINDSAY, MAYNE.—The King of Kerival. 6s. ..... (Cassell)
LIVESEY, JESSIE E.—The Shade of the Acacia. 6s. (J. Long)
LYALL, DAVID.—Ross Durham. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
McCUTCHEON, GEORGE BARR.—The Daughter of Anderson Crow. 6s. ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
MACLAREN, IAN.—St. Jude's. 6s. ..... (R. T. S.)
MAGNAY, SIR WM.—The Mystery of the Unicorn. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
MARCHMONT, A. W.—The Little Anarchist. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
MARRIOTT, CHARLES.—The Wondrous Wife. 6s. ... (Nash)
MASTIN, JOHN.—The Immortal Light. 6s. ..... (Cassell)
MEADE, L. T.—The Red Cap of Liberty. 6s. ..... (Nisbet)
MOORE, FRANKFORT.—The Messenger. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
OLDMEADOW, ERNEST—The Scoundrel. 6s. (Grant Richards)
OLIPHANT, P. LAURENCE.—Julian Reval. 6s. ..... (Nash)
OLLIVANT, ALFRED.—Red Coat Captain. 6s. ... ...(Murray)
OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—Conspirators. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
OXENHAM, JOHN.—Carette of Sark. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
PAIN, BARRY, and JAMES BLYTH.—The Shadow of the Unseen. 6s. ..... (Chapman and Hall)
PENROSE, MRS. H. H.—The Given Proof. 6s. ..... (Laurie)
PORTMAN, LIONEL.—The Progress of Hugh Rendal. 6s. (Heinemann)
PRAGUE, JOSEPH.—The Abductors. 6s. ..... (Greening)
PRATT, AMBROSE.—Three Years with Thunderbolt. 6s. (Cassell)
PRATT, TINSLEY.—When Hawkins Sailed the Sea. 3s. 6d. (E. G. Richards)
PRYDZ, ALVIDE.—The Heart of the Northern Sea. 6s. (Allen)
PUNSHON, E. R.—The Mystery of Lady Isobel. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)
QUILLER-COUCH, A. T.—Major Vigoureux. 6s.... (Methuen)
QUILLER-COUCH, MABEL.—A Pair of Red-Polls. 2s. (Jack)
REYNOLDS, MRS. FRED.—These Three. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
ROBERTS, C. D. G.—The Haunters of the Silences. 6s. net (Duckworth)
ST. AUBYN, ALAN.—Purple Heather. 6s. ..... (J. Long)
SCOTT, EDWARD.—A Romance of Three. 6s. ... (Greening)
SHERREN, WILKINSON.—The Chronicles of Berthold Darnley. 6s. ..... (F. Griffiths)
SHORTER, DORA SIGERSON.—Through Wintry Terrors. 6s. (Cassell)
SMITH, HELEN ADA.—The Ungoverned Moment. 6s. (Hutchinson)
STACPOOLE, H. DE VERE, and W. A. BRYCE.—The Meddler. 6s. ..... (Rivers)
STEPHENS, RICCARDO.—The Eddy. 6s. ..... (Blackwood)
STEWART, C. D.—Partners of Providence. 6s.... (Duckworth)
STEUART, J. A.—Quicksands. 6s. ... (Hodder and Stoughton)
SWAN, ANNIE.—Love Unlocks the Door. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)
TERHUM, ALBERT P.—Caleb Conover, Railroader. 6s. (Cassell)
TOWNLEY, HOUGHTON.—The Bishop's Emeralds. 6s. (Greening)
TREVENNA, JOHN.—Furze the Cruel. 6s. ..... (Rivers)
TRUSCOTT, L. PARRY.—Catherine. 6s. ..... (Laurie)
VAN DEVENTER, E. M.—The Doverfields' Diamonds. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
WARD, W. W.—Incapable Lovers, Ltd. 6s. ..... (J. Long)
WEIGALL, C. E. C.—The Red Light. 3s. 6d. ..... (Cassell)
WESTRUP, MARGARET.—The Greater Mischief. 6s. (Harper)
WEYMAN, STANLEY J.—Laid up in Lavender. 6s. (Smith, Elder)
WHITEHOUSE, F. COWLEY.—The Snipes. 3s. 6d....(Nisbet)
WRIGHT, ARNOLD.—In the Shade of the Cloister. 6s. (Constable)
WYNNE, WHITWORTH.—The Skaith of Guillardun. 6s. net (Kegan Paul)

NEW EDITIONS.

Arabian Nights. 1s. net. ..... (Dent)
BOURGET, PAUL.—Un Saint. 2s. 6d. ..... (Macmillan)
CARROLL, LEWIS.—Alice in Wonderland. 1s. net. (Macmillan)
CARROLL, LEWIS.—Alice in Wonderland. 5s. net... (Chatto)
CRAIK, MRS.—John Halifax, Gentleman. 8d. net .... (Cassell)
DICKENS, CHARLES.—The Christmas Books. 8d. net (Cassell)
DICKENS.—Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions. 1s. net. (Chapman)
DICKENS, CHARLES.—A Christmas Carol and The Cricket on the Hearth. 6s. net ..... (Cassell)
DICKENS, CHARLES.—A Christmas Carol. Lord Mayor Treloar's Edition. 2s 6d. net ..... (Chapman and Hall)
DICKENS, CHARLES.—Martin Chuzzlewit. 1s. net ... (Dent)
ELIOT, GEORGE.—The Mill on the Floss. 8d. net. (Cassell)
GERARD, MORICE.—The Adventures of an Equerry. 3s. 6d. (Cassell)
GERARD, MORICE.—The Red Seal. 3s. 6d. ..... (Cassell)
GRAY, MAXWELL.—An Innocent Imposter. 6d. ... (J. Long)
HAGGARD, H. RIDER.—King Solomon's Mines. 2s. net (Cassell)

HAGGARD, H. RIDER.—King Solomon's Mines. 8d. net (Cassell)
HUGHES, T.—Tom Brown's Schooldays. 8d. net.... (Cassell)
KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—The Water Babies. 1s. ...(Marshall)
Mr. Pickwick's Christmas. 6s. net ..... (Cassell)
NORRIS, W. E.—His Grace. 7d. ..... (Nelson)
PEMBERTON, MAX.—The Diamond Ship. 6d. ..... (Cassell)
READE, CHARLES.—The Cloister and the Hearth. 8d. (Cassell)
SCOTT.—Kenilworth. 8d. net ..... (Cassell)
STEEL, FLORA ANNIE.—The Hosts of the Lord. 7d. (Nelson)
STERNE, LAURENCE.—The Sentimental Journey. 3s. 6d. (Chatto)
WALPOLE, HORACE.—The Castle of Otranto. 1s. 6d. net (Chatto)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

ANON.—A Spirit Message from Robert Burns. 6d. net (Kegan Paul)
GARNETT, EDWARD.—The Breaking Point. 3s. 6d. net. (Duckworth)
GRINDROD, C. F.—Songs from the Classics. 5s. net ....(Nutt)
HADFIELD, J.—The Proposal. 1s. net ..... (Walter Scott)
LINDSAY, LADY—Poems of Love and Death. 3s. 6d. net (Kegan Paul)
MACCARTHY, DESMOND.—The Court Theatre, 1904-1907. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Bullen)
PAGE, REV. G. E.—Ruth, and Other Poems. 1s. 6d. net (Stockwell)
VIERECK, GEORGE SYLVESTER.—Nineveh, and Other Poems. 5s. net .....(Brown, Langham)
WATT, HANSARD.—Myths about Monarchs. 2s. 6d. net (Nash)
WOODS, MARGARET L.—Poems, Old and New. 4s. 6d. net (Macmillan)

NEW EDITIONS.

BROWNING, ROBERT.—Poems, 1833-1865. 8d. net (Cassell)
FITZGERALD, E.—Omar Khayyam. 6d. net ..... (Cassell)
GOLDSMITH.—The Deserted Village. 6d. net ..... (Cassell)
GRAY, THOMAS.—The Elegy. 6d. net ..... (Cassell)
HEYWOOD, THOMAS.—A Woman Killed with Kindness. 1s. net and 6d. net ..... (Griffiths)
LONGFELLOW, H. W.—Poems. 2s. net ..... (Nelson)
MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER.—Tragical History of Dr. Faustus. 1s. net and 6d. net ..... (Griffiths)
ONIONS, C. T.—Prologue to Piers Plowman. 3d. (Marshall)
PALGRAVE, FRANCIS TURNER.—The Golden Treasury. 2s. net ..... (Nelson)
POPE, ALEXANDER.—Homer's Odyssey. 2s. net ... (Cassell)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Christmas in the Olden Time. 6d. net (Cassell)
SHELLEY.—Selected Poems. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Jack)
SHELLEY, P. B.—Selected Poems. 2 vols. 1s. net each (Dent)
TENNYSON.—Enoch Arden. 6d. net ..... (Cassell)
WORDSWORTH.—Ode on Immortality. 6d. net ..... (Cassell)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL, AND SPORT

BIDDULPH, COL. J.—The Pirates of Malabar. 6s. net (Smith, Elder)
BIRT, H. N.—The Elizabethan Religious Settlement. 15s. net (Bell)
CRAWFORD, F. MARION.—Gleanings from Venetian History. 8s. 6d. ..... (Macmillan)
CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, GABRIELA.—Santa Teresa. 10s. 6d. net ..... (Nash)
DAVEY, RICHARD.—The Sultan and His Subjects. 7s. 6d. net (Chatto)
DE LORCY, EUSTACHE, and DOUGLAS SLADEN.—Queer Things about Persia. 21s. net ..... (Nash)
DEWAR, G. A. B.—Letters of Dean Hole. 15s. net ... (Allen)
DUMAS ALEXANDRE.—My Memoirs. Vol. I. 6s. (Methuen)
FIELD, CLAUD.—Heroes of Missionary Enterprise. 5s. (Seeley)
FRIEDERICHS, HULDA.—The Romance of the Salvation Army. 3s. 6d. ..... (Cassell)
GRIMSHAW, BEATRICE.—In the Strange South Seas. 16s. net (Hutchinson)
Hakluyt's Voyages. 2 vols. 1s. net each ..... (Dent)
HARE, CHRISTOPHER.—Life of Louis XIV. 10s. 6d. (Harper)
HARE, WILLIAM LOFTUS.—Chinese Religion. 6d. net (Daniel)
HOLLAND, CLIVE.—Things Seen in Egypt. 2s. net...(Seeley)
HOLLWAY-CALTHORP, H. C.—Petrarch. 12s. 6d. net (Methuen)
HORRWITZ, ERNST.—Short History of Indian Literature. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Unwin)
HUME, MARTIN.—The Court of Philip IV. 18s. net ... (Nash)
HUTTON, EDWARD.—Studies in the Lives of the Saints. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)
JOHNSTON, R. M.—Leading American Soldiers. 7s. 6d. net (Constable)
KIELLAND, ALEXANDER.—Napoleon's Men and Methods. 10s. ..... (Owen)
KNIGHT, E. F.—Oversea Britain. 6s. net ..... (Murray)
LATHBURY, D. C.—Mr. Gladstone. 3s. 6d. net ... (Mowbray)
LEES, DOROTHY NEVILE.—Tuscan Feasts and Tuscan Friends. 5s. net ..... (Chatto)
LENOTRE, G.—The Last Days of Marie Antoinette. 10s. net. (Heinemann)
LINDSAY, ANNA R. B.—Gloria Christi. 2s. net (Macmillan)
LONERGAN, W. F.—Forty Years of Paris. 10s. 6d. net (Unwin)
McGOWN. G. W. T.—Scottish Heroes of the Faith. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)
MERZ, TERESA.—The Junto. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Reid, Newcastle-on-Tyne)
NICOLLARD, CHARLES.—Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne. 10s. net ..... (Heinemann)
NOLDE, BARONESS DE.—Unpublished Letters of Madame de Staël to Benjamin Constant. 5s. net ..... (Putnam)
PATTERSON, ARTHUR H.—Wild Life in a Northern Estuary. 10s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
PATTERSON, COL. J. H.—The Man-Eaters of Tsavo. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Macmillan)
PIRIE-GORDON, C. H. C.—Innocent the Great. 9s. net (Longmans)
REY, GUIDO.—The Matterhorn. 21s. net ..... (Unwin)
ROSSI, L. MILANO.—Madonna di Vico. 21s. net (Macmillan)
SEIGNOBOS, CHARLES.—History of Ancient Civilisation. 5s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
SEWELL, ELIZABETH.—Autobiography. 4s. 6d. net (Longmans)
SHAND, ALEX. INNES.—Soldiers of Fortune. 10s. 6d. net (Constable)
SMYTH, ELEANOR C.—Sir Rowland Hill. 5s. net (Unwin)
STEAD, RICHARD.—Adventures on High Mountains. 5s. (Seeley)
TEETGEN, ADA B.—Life and Times of the Empress Palateria. 10s. 6d. ..... (Sonnenschein)
TREVELYAN, SIR G. O.—The American Revolution. Part III. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Longman)
VILLARI, PROFESSOR PASQUALE.—Studies Historical and Critical. 15s. net ..... (Unwin)
VON RUVILLE, ALBERT.—William Pitt, Earl of Chatham. 3 vols. 30s. net ..... (Heinemann)
WALTERS, ARTHUR.—Hughes, Hugh Price. 1s. 6d. net (Culley)
WILLSON, BECKLES.—George III. as Man, Monarch, and Statesman. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Jack)

NEW EDITIONS.

CHURCH, A. H.—Wedgwood, Josiah. 2s. net ..... (Seeley)
CLODD, EDWARD.—Pioneers of Evolution. 5s. net (Cassell)
DE SISMONDI, J. C. L.—A History of the Italian Republics. 1s. net ..... (Dent)
DODGE, WALTER PHELPS.—The Real Sir Richard Burton. 6s. net ..... (Unwin)
GIBBON, EDWARD.—Autobiography. 1s. net ..... (Frowde)
OLIVER, FREDERICK SCOTT.—Alexander Hamilton. 6s. (Constable)
SANDFORD, E. G.—Frederick Temple. 4s. net ... (Macmillan)
STEPHENS, F. G.—Dante Gabriel Rossetti. 2s. net ... (Seeley)
VON RANKE, LEOPOLD.—The History of the Popes. 3 vols. 2s. net each ..... (Bell)

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

COOK, HERBERT.—Giorgione. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Bell)
DUNCAN, J.—Steam and Other Engines. 5s. ..... (Macmillan)
French in Three Months. 6d. ..... (Gale and Polden)
GOULD, F. J.—The Children's Book of Moral Lessons. 2s. (Watts)
HALL, G. STANLEY.—Youth; Its Education, Régime, and Hygiene. 6s. net ..... (Appleton)
HOLBORN, B. STOUGHTON.—Tintoretto. 3s. 6d. net (Bell)
HUNTER-BROWN, P.—Electric-Power Users' Handbook. 5s. net ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
JONES, H. SYDNEY.—A Modern Arithmetic. 3s. (Macmillan)
McCURDY, EDWARD.—Leonardo da Vinci. 3s. 6d. net (Bell)
MOFFATT, C. W. PAGET.—Science German Course. 3s. 6d. (Clive)
New English Reading Books. 4 vols. 1s., 1s., 1s. 3d., 1s. 6d. (Marshall)
Ovid's Metamorphoses Book XI. 2s. ..... (Clarendon Press)
TURNER, J.—A Historical Handbook for Teachers and Students. 1s. 2d. net ..... (Stockwell)
UNWIN, W. C.—A Treatise on Hydraulics. 12s. 6d. net (Black)
WEALE, W. H. J.—Memline. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Bell)
WILLIAMSON, G. C.—George Morland. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Bell)
WORKMAN, W. P.—The School Arithmetic. 3s. 6d. ... (Clive)
YOUNG, ERNEST.—A First Year's Course in Geometry and Physics. Parts I., II., III. 2s. 6d. ..... (Bell)
YOUNG, ERNEST.—A First Year's Course in Geometry. Part III. 1s. ..... (Bell)

NEW EDITIONS.

GALTON, FRANCIS.—Inquiries into Human Faculty. 1s. net (Dent)
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Quentin Durward (Camb. Univ. Press)

CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

AFLALO, F. G.—The Call of the Sea. 4s. net (Grant Richards)
BENSON, A. C.—The Altar Fire.—7s. 6d. net ... (Smith, Elder)

The House of Cassell

Presentation Volumes

The Royal Family by Pen and Camera

By SARAH A. TOOLEY. With 120 Full-page Reproductions of Photographs by JOHN RUSSELL. 12s. net.

Illustrated by Arthur Rackham, A.R.W.S.

The Land of Enchantment

Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM, A.R.W.S., the famous Illustrator of "Peter Pan" and "Rip Van Winkle." The book is printed upon imitation Japanese Vellum in handsome cloth binding. 7s. 6d. net.

Alice in Wonderland

By LEWIS CARROLL. Specially Illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON. A Beautiful Gift-book. The volume contains 8 Coloured Plates and 112 Illustrations in Black and White. 6s. net.

Mr. Pickwick's Christmas

By CHARLES DICKENS. Delightfully Illustrated with 6 Coloured Plates, 4 Full-page and other Pictures by G. A. WILLIAMS. 6s. net.

A Christmas Carol, and The Cricket on the Hearth

By CHARLES DICKENS. With 2 Coloured Plates and 7 Full-page Illustrations by G. A. WILLIAMS. 6s. net.

Popular Fallacies

By A. S. E. ACKERMANN, B.Sc. (Lond.). With 8 Full-page Plates. 6s.

Denizens of the Deep

By F. MARTIN DUNCAN, F.R.P.S., etc. With numerous Illustrations from Photographs by the Author. 5s.

The House Beautiful and Useful

By J. H. ELDER-DUNCAN, Editorial Secretary of "The Architectural Review." With numerous Illustrations from Photographs. 5s. net.

The Fairyland of Living Things

By RICHARD KEARTON, F.Z.S. Illustrated from Photographs taken direct from wild free Nature by CHERRY KEARTON. Cloth gilt, gilt edges, with Frontispiece and Pictorial Cover. 3s. 6d.

Harry Rountree's Annual

With Contributions by Popular Authors. In attractive cover, designed by the Artist. 3s. 6d.

CASSELL & CO., Ltd.,

London, Paris, New York, Toronto & Melbourne

TO

Authors & Journalists

The writer, whether he aspires to write novels, short stories, or articles, often spends years in uncongenial work; rebuffs and drudgery being the only return for time and labour spent.

The "Success" Course of Literary Training, promoted by the Literary Correspondence College, teaches the aspirant to serve his apprenticeship to Literature in the briefest time possible. The lessons are written by a well-known novelist whose name and work are world-famous.

For full particulars, write at once for pamphlet N.I. to THE LITERARY CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, 9, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

FIRST LESSONS IN STORY WRITING.

By BARRY PAIN.

2s. 6d. net.

Sent post free by the Publishers, The Literary Correspondence College, for **2s. 8d.**

Of this work the WESTMINSTER GAZETTE writes: "The beginner who takes these lessons to heart may be quite assured of an advantage over his competitors."

JUST PUBLISHED. CROWN 8VO. CLOTH, 5s. NET.

DIALOGUES ON THE EFFICACY OF PRAYER.

By POWIS HOULT. Second Edition, revised.

The *Review of Reviews* says:—"Each of the eight dialogues evidences careful study of all the difficulties of Prayer, and of the arguments and Illustrations by which those difficulties can be answered. The volume is a useful compendium which cannot fail to be of service to those who read it."

The *Church Quarterly* says:—"Without saying that 'Powis Hoult' is exactly a Berkeley, we yet think that he is an able man and that he has written an able book."

The *Religious Review of Reviews* says:—"A book full of suggestive and religious thoughts."

The *Scotsman* says:—"The reader ought to study the book; it well deserves study . . . and it is admirably written, well argued, and shows that the writer has studied the question and thought for himself."

The *Birmingham Daily Gazette* says:—"The author of the Dialogues has taken a bold step in adopting this peculiar form for his treatment of the subject; but his advocacy is so consistently logical that his arguments lose nothing in the process either as to 'consequence' or lucidity of expression. In addition, they have the charms of a quick sympathy with suppositious opponents and skilful address in refutation of their points. Then, again, a play of lively humour and sarcasm, and an evident familiarity with the severer forms of debate, give still further plesure to the reader."

Dublin: SEALY, BRYERS & WALKER.
London: SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & CO.

UNIVERSITY OF MADRAS.

APPOINTMENT OF REGISTRAR.

Applications are invited for the Office of Registrar of the University of Madras. The tenure of the Office of Registrar is limited to five years, but the same individual is eligible for re-appointment. The salary of the Office is Rs. 600 *per mensem*, rising by annual increments of Rs. 50 *per mensem* to a maximum of Rs. 1,000 *per mensem*. Further information as to the terms of appointment and the duties of the Registrar may be obtained from Messrs. Henry S. King & Co., 65, Cornhill, London, E.C.

Applications should be sent direct to Madras, and should reach the Registrar of the University of Madras not later than 20th October, 1907.

(By Order)
C. A. PATERSON, M.A., LL.B.,
Registrar.

SENATE HOUSE,
Madras, 31st July, 1907.

FAGUET, EMILE.—A Literary History of France. 12s. 6d. net (Unwin)
GUMMERE, F. B.—The Popular Ballad. 6s. net ... (Constable)
HILL, JULIAN.—Great English Poets. 3s. 6d. net (E. Grant Richards)
MAYNADIER, HOWARD.—The Arthur of the English Poets. 6s. net ..... (Constable)
REDFERN, PERCY.—Tolstoy: A Study. 2s. net ... (Fifield)
ROYDS, REV. T. F.—The Eclogues and Georgics of Virgil. Translated. 1s. net ..... (Dent)
SAINTSBURY, GEORGE.—The Later Nineteenth Century 5s. net ..... (Blackwood)
SYMONS, ARTHUR.—William Blake. 18s. 6d. net (Constable)

NEW EDITIONS.

BACON, FRANCIS.—Essays. 8d. net ..... (Cassell)
BORROW, GEORGE.—Lavengro. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Murray)
KNIGHT, WILLIAM.—Colloquia Peripatetica. 3s. 6d. net (Oliphant, Anderson)
MACAULAY, LORD.—Critical and Historical Essays. 2 vols. 1s. net each ..... (Dent)
MORRIS, WILLIAM.—Romances in Prose and Verse. 1s. net (Dent)
RUSKIN, JOHN—Aratra Pentelici. Love's Meinie. The Art and Pleasures of England. 3 vols. 2s. 6d. net each (Allen)
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Time and Tide, etc. 1s. net ..... (Allen)
SYMONDS, J. A.—Essays, Speculative and Suggestive. 7s. 6d. (Smith, Elder)

MISCELLANEOUS

ALLAN, ANDREW.—Matter and Intellect. 5s. (Owen and Co.)
ALLAN, ARCHIBALD.—The Advent of the Father. 6s. net (Maclehose)
ATHERTON, ROBERT.—Village Life and Feeling. 3s. 6d. (Greening)
ATKEY, BERTRAM.—Folk of the Wild. 6s. (E. G. Richards)
AVES, ERNEST.—Co-operative Industry. 5s. net ... (Methuen)
BRADLEY, EDITH, and MAY CROOKE.—The Book of Fruit-Bottling. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Lane)
BRIDGES, J. H.—Essays and Addresses. 12s. 6d. net (Chapman and Hall)
BRIGHT, JOHN.—Selected Speeches. 1s. net ..... (Dent)
BULLEN, F. T.—The Call of the Deep. 6s. ..... (Nisbet)
CALEB, ARTHUR ERNEST.—The Days of the Flood. 3s. 6d. net ..... (Stock)
CANDEE, HELEN CHURCHILL.—Decorative Styles and Periods in the Home. 8s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)
CARRINGTON, FITZROY.—The Pilgrim's Staff. 2s. 6d. net (Duckworth)
CARSON, G. S.—Stories from the Life of Jesus. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)
CHURCH, A. J.—The Children's Iliad. 5s. ..... (Seeley)
DAWSON, CHARLES E.—His Book of Book-Plates (Schulze)
DEARMER, PERCY.—The Prayer Book. 6d. net (Mowbray)
DUNCAN, R. K.—The Chemistry of Commerce. 7s. 6d. net (Harper)
EASTWOOD, DOROTHY.—Golden Thoughts from Thoreau. 1s. net, 2s. net ..... (Lane)
EAVES, A. OSBORNE.—Imagination, The Magician. 1s. net (L. N. Fowler)
ELDER, J. H. DUNCAN.—The House Beautiful and Useful. 5s. net ..... (Cassell)
G. W.—A Chapter of Thoughts ..... (Simpkin)
GELL, HON. MRS.—The Consecration of Life, The Consecration of Love, The Consecration of Suffering. 3d. net each ..... (Frowde)
GIBSON, ELIZABETH.—A Book of Reverie. 1s. net ... (Lane)
GIBSON, W. W.—The Stone-folds. 2s. net ... (Samurai Press)
GIBSON, WILFRID W.—On the Threshold ... (Samurai Press)
GODFREY, ELIZABETH.—English Children in the Olden Time. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Methuen)
GREGORY, LADY.—A Book of Saints and Wonders. 5s. net (Murray)
GUTHRIE, JAMES.—His Book of Book-Plates ..... (Schulze)
HAMMERTON, J. A.—English Humorists of To-day. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)
HYATT, A. H.—The Charms of London. 2s. ..... (Chatto)
HYRST, H. W. G.—Adventures in the Great Forests. 5s. (Seeley)
JAMES, CAIRNS.—The Golden Humorous Reciter. 3s. 6d. (Seeley)
KENDAL, JOHN.—Some Clerical Types. 2s. 6d. net ... (Lane)
KIRBY, W. F.—Mammals of the World. 6s. net ... (Appleton)
LANG, ANDREW.—The Olive Fairy Book. 6s. ... (Longmans)
LAW, C. ORLANDO.—House Decoration and Repairs. 6s. net (Murray)
LETHBRIDGE, SIR ROPER.—Ramtanu Lahiri. 5s. (Sonnenschein)

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

NOVEMBER, 1907.

LILLY, W. S.—May Mansions. 12s. 6d. net ..... (Chapman)
LINSCOTT, MRS. H. B.—Bright Ideas for Entertaining. 3s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton)
Love Letters of King Henry VIII. 1s. net, 6d. net ... (Griffiths)
LUCAS, BERNARD.—The Empire of Christ. 2s. 6d. net (Macmillan)
LUCAS, E. V.—The Doll Doctor. 2 vols. 1s. 6d. each (Allen)
LYNDON, RODERICK.—Another Point of View. 5s. net (Humphreys)
McDONAGH, THOMAS.—The Golden Joy. 2s. 6d. net (O'Donoghue)
MACDONALD, F. W.—Letters of James Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Culley)
MACFIE, R. C.—The Romance of Medicine. 6s. ..... (Cassell)
MADGE, H. D.—Leaves from the Golden Legend. 3s. 6d. net (Constable)
MARSTON, EDWARD.—How Does it Feel to be Old? 1s. net (Sampson Low)
MATTHEW, ARNOLD HARRIS.—Woman Suffrage. 1s. net (Jack)
MICHAEL, C. D.—Stories of Old. 2s. 6d. net ..... (J. Clarke)
NIETZSCHE, FRIEDRICH.—Beyond Good and Evil. 5s. net (Foulis)
PARR, O. K.—Back Slum Idylls. 2s. ..... (Wastbourn)
PHYTHIAN, J. ERNEST.—Trees in Nature, Myth, and Art. 6s. ..... (Methuen)
Quiver, The. 7s. 6d. ..... (Cassell)
RACKHAM, ARTHUR.—The Land of Enchantment. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Cassell)
RANSOME, ARTHUR.—Bohemia in London. 6s. net (Chapman and Hall)
SANDERSON, E.—Heroes of Pioneering. 5s. ..... (Seeley)
SETON, GRACE G.—Nimrod's Wife. 6s. ..... (Constable)
SHERWOOD, MARGARET.—Daphne. 3s. 6d. ..... (Chatto)
SINCLAIR, FRANCIS.—Under North Star and Southern Cross. 6s. ..... (Sampson Low)
SMITH, BERTRAM.—How to Collect Postage Stamps. 6s. net (Bell)
SMITH, P. V.—The Church Handbook. 2s. 6d. net (Wells Gardner)
THOMAS, EDWARD.—British Country Life in Spring and Summer. 8s. 6d. net ..... (Hodder and Stoughton)
TUCKER, T. G.—Decursus Primus. 2s. 6d. ..... (Macmillan)
WARD, WILLIAM.—Religion and Labour. 2s. net ... (Dalton)
WATKINS, F. H.—Daily Thoughts from Horace. 2s. 6d. net (Bell)
WESTELL, W. P.—The Story of Insect Life. 5s. net (Culley)
WESTON, JESSIE L.—Sir Gawain and the Lady of Lys. 2s. net ..... (Nutt)
WORLEY, GEORGE.—The Temple Church. 1s. 6d. net (Bell)
WORTABET, JOHN.—Arabian Wisdom. 1s. net ..... (Murray)
WRIGHT, SIDNEY.—The Romance of the World's Fisheries. 5s. ..... (Seeley)
WROTH, WARWICK.—Cremorne and the Later London Gardens. 6s. net ..... (Stock)
YOLLAND, A. D.—Anglo-Hungarian Dictionary. 9s. net (48, Old Bailey)

NEW EDITIONS.

AVEBURY, LORD.—The Use of Life. 2s. net ... (Macmillan)
CHAFFERS, WILLIAM.—The Ceramic Gallery. 35s. net (Gibbings)
FRASER, JOHN FOSTER.—America at Work. 3s. 6d. (Cassell)
HARPER, CHARLES G.—The Dover Road. 1s. 6d. net (Treherne)
HOLMES, O. W.—The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. 8d. net (Cassell)

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons cut from two numbers of "The Bookman" for the current month (see below), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor of the Young Authors' Page, "Bookman" Office, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.